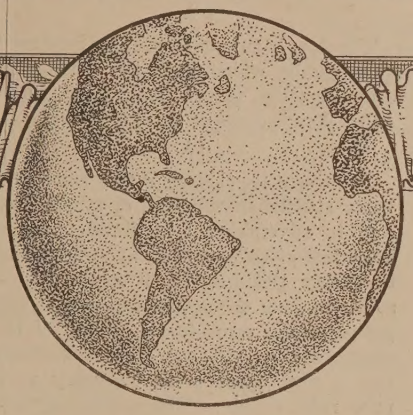
The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston and Chicago



April 2, 1921

A Sonnet

God speaks to hearts of men in many ways:
Some the red banner of the rising sun
Spread o'er the snowclad hills has taught His praise,
Some the sweet silence when the day is done;
Some after loveless lives at length have won
His word in children's hearts and children's gaze.
And some have found Him where low rafters ring
To greet the hand that helps, the heart that cheers;
And some in prayer, and some in perfecting
Of watchful toil through unrewarding years;
And some not less are His, who vainly sought
His voice, and with His silence have been taught—
Who bear His chain that bade them to be bound,
And at the end in finding not, have found.

English Spectator.

Universalism, the Inevitable Religion of Tomorrow

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819-1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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THE UNIVERSALIST LEADER is published every Saturday at Two Dollars a year.

ENTERED as second class matter at the post office at Boston, Mass. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 3, 1918.

POSTAGE prepaid in the United States and Canada. Receipt of subscription is indicated by change of date on the address label. Unless notice to discontinue is received it will be assumed that the subscriber wishes his name to remain on the list.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS—When a change of address is ordered, both the old and the new address must be given.

COMMUNICATIONS intended for the paper should be addressed to the Editor, 359 Boylston St., Boston. If sent voluntarily, it is understood that no payment therefor is expected; payment is made only in case of previous and special contract.

Universalist Publishing House

HAROLD MARSHALL, Manager

359 BOYLSTON STREET BOSTON
DORCHESTER AVE. & 60TH ST. CHICAGO

Mιγμα

Amendments to the Constitution of the United States have a habit of "staying put." (*Alice Robertson.*)

ι λ

The slum is an economic crime condoned by a public which pays the penalty in contamination thrust back upon itself. (*New York League of Women Voters.*)

υ λ

At present psychology is only effectively being studied in the field of advertising, and to advertising I attribute much of the crime of this country, at any rate, of the petty thieving, for it exploits in a subtle manner the desire to possess. The power of the press to-day is one of the great obstacles in the way of real democracy and a pure press is as necessary as a pure milk supply. The psychology engineers of the future will have for their task the training of the floods of dangerous emotions which lead nations into wars, and individuals to crime, and the directing of them into other channels. (*S. Mergery Fry.*)

υ λ

For cold-blooded treatment of those who gave all and left all to serve their country while profiteers remained home and accumulated profits, protected by these service men, no chapter in our history can compare. At the same time we have delayed and dallied with a soldiers' revenue compensation bill until it has finally been pushed into the discard by Congress. (*Congressman Frear of Wisconsin.*)

υ λ

The front seat in the church and the back seat in the theater must be suspected of having bent pins in 'em, judging from the way the people dodge 'em. (*Jonathan Hayseeds, Christian Endeavor.*)

υ λ

The Church must insist that its principles shall rule the banks, the markets, and the disseminators of news. (*Roger Babson.*)

υ λ

Apparently the nations are in no hurry to replace warships with friendships. (*Norfolk, Va., Pilot.*)

υ λ

Because the law is no respecter of persons is no reason why so many persons should be no respecters of the law. (*Norfolk Virginian Pilot.*)

υ λ

Every development of airplane service, however peaceful, brings another reason why Uncle Sam should have his working place in the League to forestall war. (*Boston Herald.*)

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THE
Universalist Leader

Two Dollars a Year | 103d Year | New Series | Vol. XXIV No 14

ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed.

Editorial

Living sermons come from living with life.

* *

The hour of prayer is sweet when you are not bitter.

* *

Y is your initial. Added to the one word man it makes many.

* *

The most brilliant uniform is not worn by the one who does the fighting.

* *

Give a word of good cheer to the workers even if you can not give a hand.

* *

Our social shams tickle our own vanity far more than they deceive others.

* *

A little fellow holding back may prevent some big fellow from getting there.

* *

It is a crime to smother a little bit of happiness under a wagon-load of gloom.

* *

How would it do to call our churches schools of happiness and then live up to the name?

* *

"Eventually, why not now?" And then turn it into the Bread of Brotherhood, for use abroad.

* *

Very often the only thing we have to find fault with is the fact that we have nothing to find fault with.

* *

Yes, there are lots of imperfect men in the churches, but think how many more there are outside.

* *

Many a splendid enterprise has been wrecked by forcing that which is secondary into the primary place.

* *

We will begin to unravel the snarl of our human confusion only when humans stop snarling at each other.

* *

It is not always safe to inventory the achievements of the one who is always boasting that he never makes any professions.

* *

Bare your burden—strip it of all non-essential groans and complainings. It will be easier to bear when you see it as it is.

* *

If you can not get an abundant supply of spontaneous cheerfulness in the open market, try a little of the home-made variety.

* *

It is a good time to calculate your possessions in loaves of bread with which to save the starving on the other side of the world.

* *

When you feel it in your bones that trouble is coming just remember it is probably only a slight attack of old-fashioned rheumatism.

* *

Do not worry about some communities being over-churched, it will not hurt them half as much as being under-churched, and lo, there are many such.

* *

The new responsiveness of men to the appeal of elemental religion, though called by many other names, reveals the effectiveness of nineteen hundred years of Christian teaching.

* *

Love is the soul's master gem. It seeks the least ray of light because it wants to sparkle. Greed has tried to steal it and death has attempted to destroy it, but, being God, these results were impossible.

* *

The Spiritual Paradox

Can there be such a thing as a provincial Universalist? One easily perceives what the provincial mind contains, but why it should ever be labeled—or itself choose to be christened—Universal, is certainly less easy to determine. It is, perhaps, more difficult to apprehend the scope of a Universal mind, yet the altitudes of transfiguring mountains give transient gleams of comprehension; but why a Universal mind should ever be called—or itself choose to be labeled—provincial (or Evangelical) is still more difficult to determine.

The Church Paper

Can the daily newspaper and monthly magazine render the service necessary to church and family in the way of religious news and thought? The *Christian Evangelist* answers, "No," and further states: "One

must know the news of his own church if he is to be a Christian of the better sort. Information and observation in the religious journal will keep him from losing sight of the goal. It is an interpreter and guide. It helps one to find his way through the confusing mazes of these complex modern days. It saves one from moral color-blindness. It builds up loyalty to the standards and ideals of the church, and by its simple presence in the home reminds all the members of the family that it is worth while to know what their church stands for and to stand for its ideals. Any pastor can double the power and efficiency of his church, by inducing his people to become appreciative readers of their church paper."

Owing a Living and Owing a Life

An expert in business administration recently told the Boston Chamber of Commerce members that the world did not owe him a living, but that on the contrary he owed the world a life. This is a new variant in statement of an old truth; and were it generally accepted the world's social outlook would change rapidly. Man has been getting "cocky" of late, both toward God and his fellow man. He has assumed the relation of a creditor to whom debts were owed by the Divine and by the human factors of life, forgetting that he also was a debtor. A God who imposed conditions as to morality has been rejected by masses of men and women. The "good time" theory of existence, which includes evasion of obligations, has had full swing. To get as much as possible and give as little as possible, indeed to get something for nothing, has seemed most admirable ethics for the business world in all its strata. But now the tide is turning. It has taken a gruesome wasteful war and a flaccid and opportunist post-war diplomacy to teach the higher and nobler conception, and some of the best preachers of the higher and finer law never went to theological schools and are not called "Reverend."

* *

PUT YOURSELF IN THE BIBLE

FICTION, we are told by a successful magazine editor, is popular because readers put themselves into the text as characters and vicariously live through the scenes, endure the pain, enjoy the pleasure, confident of a happy ending. But he also advises us that for a similar reason biography and autobiography are also popular.

This is the strength of the Bible and perhaps accounts for its being "the best seller" of all. Readers find vital human interest in its pages. Aside from all theological valuation its divine message is so intensely human. Its vivid lines tell living stories faster than the moving film, and with more realism and with fewer sub-titles. Of course many of its pages deal only with statistics. But these are only read by research folks.

The inspiration of the Bible is in its true-drawn, living characters. The man who walks with Moses feels that he himself is also leading an unruly and undeveloped people out of slavery while still unprepared for freedom. He who reads his Bible thus, takes aim with David and gloats at Goliath's fall, revels in the treasuries of Solomon, and feels wet from Paul's shipwreck. He needs little concern with science, philosophy, or theology, for a comradeship with Jesus, or to know at least some brief time on the mystic heights a vicarious incarnation in which he himself becomes the Christ, who needs only to be lifted up to draw all men. The world goes to Oberammergau. There is standing room only where the screen reproduces in action the scenes of the Passion Play.

It is the right and privilege of men to thus read themselves into the Bible, and they who do it effectively read the Bible into themselves and become "living epistles." It is not mere history. It is the word of life. It did not merely happen once if written there; it happens and is happening, in varying degree, all the time and everywhere. It is the great human allegory. Put yourself into the Bible and the Bible will put itself into you.

They who preach it frequently forget the vital human interest in it and, instead of preaching it, simply preach about it, with a devitalized system of homiletics. The formula of promises, as any other formula, gives guarantee only when no ingredient is changed. "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you."

* *

THE POLITICIAN IN RELIGION

NOTHING so irritates the politician as to have the minister enter into politics; he insists that the clergyman should stick to his business of preaching the Gospel, and not tamper with things he knows nothing about! But in these days a good many ministers are real men, and recognize their duty to practise as well as preach. And though some of them rush into unfamiliar paths and get tangled up in the underbrush, the great majority are level-headed and on the right side of things.

Now we are witnessing the spectacle of the politician neglecting "his own business" to tell how the churches should be run and in some cases to settle the theological controversies of the ages. There is much good here in the abstract—there is nothing the politician needs more than religion, and a little real politics will not hurt the minister! But it is noticeable that the minister is not a whit more amateurish in the political field than is the politician in the realm of religion. It is gratifying to note that the most astute politician works into his platform just as much of religion as he can even if it does not mean anything to him; he recognizes the futility of any appeal to the great public to-day that has not in it a conspicuous proportion of idealism.

The venture of the politician in this direction is quite as absurd as the venture of the most callow minister into politics. There are few greater politicians in the country than Mr. Bryan; he does not seem to be able to get elected President, but he has made himself a pretty good Warwick, and he is recognized as a very powerful personality though he can not control even his own party. And his power is very largely religious; he is overflowing with good religion and bad theology. It is nothing short of funny to hear him discourse upon the glorious elements of

the Gospel, and then suddenly lapse into a grotesque theology which contradicts everything he has said under the name of religion. And he is equally sincere in both utterances!

He is speaking in all the churches of every denomination, and he speaks as the astute politician making friends with all. In a recent address he proclaimed his lack of interest in different creeds, and said he happened to be a Presbyterian, but could just as well be a Baptist or a Methodist or anything else, and yet he is making use of the products of these different denominations, accepting their pulpits as his platform. He fails, like many others, to see how entirely helpless he would be had not some church of some specific denomination built a pulpit with all its accompanying opportunities.

But even Mr. Bryan, with all his resources of oratory, wallows dreadfully when he tries to talk theology, as he does more or less on every occasion. Even progressive ministers of the Orthodox churches are laughing at his efforts. It is simply a case of a man being out of his field. He talks with tremendous vim the theology which has been abandoned by practically every intelligent pulpit; he does not seem to know anything about the progress that has been made, that there is a new church and a new theology. No minister in politics ever made greater blunders than this master of politics makes when he ventures into the realm of theology.

And yet we welcome him and others of his tribe; they are on the way towards something good and something they sadly need. By and by they will discover that they have found not only something to talk about and use for political purpose, but the only thing which will work in politics or any other department of life.

* *

CARDINAL GIBBONS

JAMES GIBBONS, born in Baltimore in 1834 and departing this life in that city, March 24, was, in the words of Cardinal Mercier, the great Belgian prelate, "the most glorious witness of the Roman Catholic faith in the New World." That is Europe's best informed contemporary judgment on the man, and it will be his country's also. A Celt and of a race singularly loyal to the Papacy and which in the American fold of the Roman Church for several generations has had domination numerical and official, he found himself in due time rising step by step to a place of authority in the oldest see of the Church within the bounds of the United States and ruling over much of the landed aristocracy of Maryland and Virginia as well as over immigrants from lands and of races many and diverse.

From the first of his ministry he championed an irenic attitude toward Protestant and Jew, between white and negro, and between rival factions within the Mother Church. This policy he never changed, and hence when he turned to polemics he could write controversially in a way to retain the respect of his opponent if not always winning his assent. If he felt called upon to contend he did it so as to leave few scars.

Goodness rather than ambition or power came to be commonly recognized as his goal in life; and what he sought for himself he also sought for his countrymen and for men in general. When it cost much to do so he fought for "Americanism" within the Roman Catholic Church in this country, in contradistinction to Cahenslyism; and his leadership in this internal controversy saved the Church he loved from reaction.

Patron of a school of scholarship that was comparatively progressive, he cast his personal and official influence steadily in favor of creation and maintenance at the National Capital of a university to crown the Church's educational system in the republic. It is to-day his finest monument.

First as archbishop of the oldest see and later as the first and then the senior cardinal, it fell to his lot to shape the trend of the Church's evolution in the republic; and if it has flourished, escaping much of the vicissitudes falling upon the Papacy in Europe and South America, and has come to have an important place in aiding the nation at crises in its moral and political development, the credit must be given to the modest, self-abnegating Irish-American prelate. For, though ascetic and intellectual in type, he was a vigilant defender of moral causes in which he believed; and he was easily induced to go on record, with all the weight of his personal and official power, against forces undermining the state and society. And these deliverances had all the more weight because they came, not from a dogmatist or strife-seeker, but from an obviously "religious" soul. Hence he had a larger measure of influence and personal esteem than some other men in the Church with whom he was in general agreement, but who never had so securely won popular liking and trust.

Successive Popes had made known in various ways their profound respect for his wisdom and sagacity as a spiritual leader and practical administrator. On his seventieth birthday he was shown how general was reverence for him among his countrymen of all creeds. During the recent war he led his Church in a way to win for himself honors from the French Government and to give the laity of the Church a patriotic ardor sanctioned by religion that won respect for its combination of martial courage with dedication to a moral ideal. With his passing the Church he served faces a loss best known to persons who know what he has prevented being done as well as what he has done. His advice will be missed by Pope Benedict XV. So will it also be missed by the American people when championship of spirituality, social service, and simplicity of faith and living is called for to summon the nation to respect for its original ethical ideals.

Cardinal Gibbons was not a Puritan but neither was he a Cavalier. He lived most of his life in a region where the two strains of the national character were intermingled. He mediated between them admirably, showing that the Jesus whom he served was neither Puritan nor Cavalier. Similarly he had a mediating work to do in showing how national and church loyalty can live side by side. Sometimes he spake as a seeker after the "city that is above," and sometimes as a lover of the "Kingdom of God" here and now. He could aspire like an Augustine; he could condemn like a Savonarola.

The Obligations of God

Charles A. Alden

IS God, Himself, subject to the obligations of divine law? Perhaps that question is in the background of human consciousness, as yet inarticulate with any answer to our common need for common religious conceptions. It is, also, perhaps, the real theological "No Man's Land" between conservative and liberal interpretations. Moreover, it may not be impossible that those who have graduated from the churches of both, with certificates from neither, might find religious anarchy less inviting if they understood that God is not, Himself, an anarchist—*i. e.*, above the obligations of His own law.

To conceive clearly the question, it may be wise for one to take some generally accepted principle of divine law, and apply the query within the mental confines thus imposed. "To deal justly, love mercy and walk humbly with thy God," Micah suggests as the things which the Lord requires of men. One can quickly say that God deals justly and loves mercy, but does He walk humbly with Himself? Or does that question seem both irreverent and irrelevant to those long instructed that God does many things and requires us to do many things simply for His glory?

Jesus Christ is the Supreme Authority to Christian Liberals concerning divine law. He considered the truth of it important enough to die for. But why did men want to crucify him? They charged him with blasphemy. What is there in all he said or did that could be so classified? Probably one who has never conceived, or having conceived has not proceeded to ask, this question as to legal obligations resting on Deity, would simply dismiss the charge of blasphemy as false and entirely without foundation. But, with this question in mind, the attitude of the high-priestly mind may not appear so entirely absurd.

Jesus came with the word "Father" on his lips as the at once intimate and comprehensive definition of God. The Trinitarian interprets this as referring to Christ's own sonship, while the Unitarian interprets it as corroborating his own belief in the divinity of human nature; but either view involves the idea of the Fatherhood of God. Now fatherhood, anywhere, must involve obligation and responsibility.

The entire trend of human thought, not even excepting those who seek to relieve themselves of domestic responsibility by divorce, is to emphasize the obligations of the parent. Society, perhaps driven by extremes of neglect along the lines both of parental discipline in the home and of fair moral standards outside of it, is strenuously attempting to restore the lost sense of parental obligation. Experience would seem to justify the view that while neglect of obligation to the parent on the part of the child is unfortunate, the neglect of obligation to the child on the part of the parent is disastrous. Likewise, it is becoming our common verdict on such disaster, which we call juvenile delinquency, that a part—and many think the major part—of the responsibility logically vests in the parents.

If parents were willing to admit their own loyalty to law, or rules by which they must abide, it might be easier to teach children to obey. This seems to be a natural deduction, for if the child understands that in obedience to law or rules he is having an experience precisely similar to that of his parents, who issue commands to him, but who in turn must, themselves, render obedience to the requirements of the laws governing adults, may he not, then, be easily led by the very instinct that otherwise so frequently prompts him to do what papa does?

The benefit that the child would derive from an eager understanding of obedience rather than a compulsory surrender is almost immeasurable. He would at once be free from the common fallacy of the child mind, that when he is grown he will be subject to no rules, and free to do as he pleases, and in the line of least resistance he will easily learn what now too frequently he discovers only by painful experience.

Would it not be easier, however, for human parents to enjoy that attitude in training their own young, if they realized that they themselves are children of a God who, although infinite, is nevertheless obligated by the parental responsibility of a self-elected fatherhood?

It may be recalled in this connection that one of the questions which was put to Jesus concerned the requirement of the Jewish law: "Honor thy father and thy mother." Is there then an added emphasis to his doctrine of God's Fatherhood, in the fact that his answer seems less direct and clear than usual, but turns on them the charge of teaching the tradition of men rather than the law of God? Perhaps he was replying more clearly and directly than we have thought, and perhaps it is from this very conversation that their charge of blasphemy began to take form as they understood that fatherhood in his teaching implied a paternal responsibility which they could not conceive as an obligation on the Deity and which they were reluctant to admit as it related to human families.

Perhaps, also, this is the real background of our insistent denial of the doctrine of a never-ending hell. But Universalists to-day are making the Universal Fatherhood of God their premise and keynote, rather than its incidental conclusion of universal salvation. It would seem to be true that the idea of a never-ending hell naturally belongs to a time and a theology that conceives no obligation on the Most High, because there is no higher power to enforce either the obligation or the penalty of its violation. And likewise, it would seem to be true that the idea of the final harmony of all souls with God is absolutely inconceivable if it be considered as unrelated to the Fatherhood of God, which Jesus taught and which is pregnant with involved obligation and responsibility.

Most of our conservative theology—and it is ours even though we, as a group, have denied its sovereign power, for the history of its human attachment will always be a common human heritage of doubtless both weal and woe—was phrased in the time when autocracy was hampered by few constitutional limitations. The whim of the monarch was beyond appeal, and any one who even questioned it was either traitor or enemy, according to his residence. God was greater than the king; and it was in a day far earlier than man's first effort to confine the throne, and still maintain it, when the Jews leveled their charge of blasphemy at Jesus. Perhaps they were sincere in the charge and believed it completely justified, and really thought the nation purged by the crucifixion of one who dared to teach that any obligation could rest on Almighty Power.

Again, it was this very monarch-whim idea, this tradition of men, inherited from a less-experienced past, that Jesus emphatically opposed in the existing religious organization. He justified the essential basis of "all men created equal" on which all true democracy must be founded, when he declared to ordinary individuals: "The kingdom of heaven is within you."

But if the basis of democracy lies in the individual, the basis of its potential functioning rests in some commonly accepted authority, such as that which we call law, and which, by will of the citizenship, is made a substitute—and the only known substitute—for the retired monarchy.

Nevertheless, when democracy has been established, and, with more or less success, has achieved a history of more than a hundred years, the shade of the monarch-whim has not been entirely dissipated, for it is not the least of our present difficulties to impress our legislators, though elected for terms exceedingly brief, that to be a law-maker can not justify any one in being a law-breaker; or that they who establish law must be willing to abide by the law which they themselves have made.

When men reach a point in their own progress where they understand that no individual, not even a legislator, who makes the laws, can do as he happens to please (or by any manipulation arrange that his friends or clients may do as they happen to please with any law), then will order be the companion of the law and anarchy will cease to aspire because both law-makers and lobbyists have ceased to inspire it.

When men in any one nation shall have advanced thus far in their regard for the law as of supreme importance, then, perchance, the value of law and the value of equal responsibility under it will fascinate the nations of the earth not only to its adequate establishment, but to the enforcement of its just decrees on all parties involved in its jurisdiction, so that not even a Supreme Council, nor its members, nor their friends or clients, shall be immune.

When humanity shall have come to such a world-embracing practise of democratic righteousness, with self-determining nations voluntarily assuming just and equitable obligations toward each other and finding shame in the least evasion of them, from which relations alone can international peace, durable or endurable, ever be evolved, then perchance man will so conceive the importance of law as the plan of human salvation that he will not ask the question of whether God Himself is subject to the obligations of divine law, for in the development of his own experience, he will have discovered the imperative necessity of the affirmative reply.

The implications of such a verdict are tremendous with inspiration to higher human conceptions of God, one's neighbor and one's self. Instead of a God who makes, manipulates and even misuses all things and all people merely for the glory of His own eccentric whim and unobligated entertainment, the Deity, as men will then conceive Him, will be seen as obedient Himself to the law of service. Even to the uttermost of the infinite, with all the unsearchable riches, will He serve men, not for His own triumphant glory, but for the glory of redeemed, emancipated man, in whose glowing divinity He shall know His own paternal satisfaction. And that will only mean that God is obeying divine law, as Jesus proclaimed it—"He that would be greatest among you, let him be your servant." And that does not mean that God lets man do just as he pleases, for that would not accomplish the purpose of divine law, nor justify its obligations on either God or man. It means that God, with the responsibility of Fatherhood, loves His children too much and serves them too well to let them have their own way, while they still lack wisdom with which to choose their way aright.

So, after all, when we speak of the obligations of God under divine law, we do not mean that He will do anything different from what He is doing and has always done. The difference will come when human beings understand that God has a duty, and find their own duty less irksome and more God-like because they are sure that He is performing His.

In our industrial concerns, we are discovering the obligations of capital such as only a short time ago we thought impossible. And in those concerns where the obligations of employing have been cheerfully assumed and adequately met, we have discovered obligations rather than necessities on the part of labor. Moreover, we have found labor rendering in response a whole-hearted co-operation. The difference has been described as a transformation from working "for the company" to working "with the company." We have not departed from "the faith once delivered to the saints" when we talk about working with God, *i. e.*, as the apostle wrote it, being "laborers together with God," but we have magnified the reasonable call of righteousness to man, and added a needed emphasis to his obligation to bear his just share of necessary duty in the Kingdom of God just as the average man would and should, and has and does, bear his just share in the common tasks of American citizenship.

Jesus, again, proclaimed this to be divine law: "He that seeketh to save his life shall lose it; but he that loseth his life for my sake (*i. e.* the sake of Sonship to God) and the good news of it—shall find it." If that be divine law, and the obligation of it be on God, who made it divine law, as well as on men, then God can not save His own life by isolation and sense of condescending superiority. He must pour

out His life in the service of this same "Sonship" and the gospel, or good news of it.

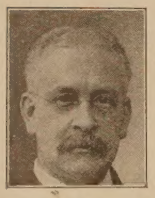
If that be true, it does not in the least change what God is or does, but it tremendously changes our human conception, who have thought of Him, not in the sense of a Father, with the heart-yearning of responsibility, but as isolated by His omnipotent magnificence, commanding us for His own glory rather than counseling with us for our own best interests and the realization of our own highest ideals.

It must also change our vision and understanding of the necessity of our fellow man, who so far has missed the mark (that we are told is the literal meaning of sin) of his own proper adjustment with God. We shall not see his danger in a never-ending punishment which no man could ever deserve or endure, nor in the certainty of just retribution for sin which we all both do deserve and endure, but we shall see his spiritual lameness and inability in a partial life, when the recognition of childhood to and companionship and partnership with God, the "more abundant life," the Kingdom of God "at hand," are his for the taking. And we shall find it as natural then to talk with him about salvation as any agent could about life insurance. But we shall not talk in the terms of a law-suspending miracle of grace. We shall converse about the law of grace and love. Miracles, in the sense of things that may or may not have happened once, but that, if they happened, have certainly not been repeated, and provide no slightest intimation that they ever will recur, will all sink into insignificance compared with the marvel of a divine law of love, which never omits the evidence of its constant care, and in the enjoyment of which man shares with God, and in the employment of which for the attainment of the righteousness of both human peace and divine at-one-ment, our Father assumes and meets every obligation precisely as He expects His children to assume and meet theirs.

This question of God being subject to His own law, ascertainable and dependable in the terms of paternal obligations, rather than an autocratic ruler who, following the perhaps eccentric whim of a new moment, deals in the unexpected and that which can not be humanly anticipated, seems to constitute the real barrier between conservative and liberal theology in our modern day. It may also brand us as blasphemers and doubtless will long perpetuate our ineligibility in the conferences of the Evangelical, such as the Federal Council of *Some* Churches of Christ in America. Until the supremacy of law even over the maker of it be accepted by human consciousness, conferences on matters less important than law will have little permanent value.

Editorial Correspondence

From the Southland



THE most popular industry in this city of Miami, even as in all winter or summer resorts, is just sittin' 'round. The multitudes engaged in it have their places of non-activity on the porches or in the park. There seems to be something in the way of justification in the park, where we are expecting the music soon to begin, or there is a tournament of international horseshoe pitching in progress, but mostly we sit 'round and look, hoping something will happen sometime to look at. But the front porch is the place where this industry reaches its highest efficiency. In the first place the chairs are much more comfortable than the park benches, and they are usually rocking chairs, and there is something about the American rocker that is soothing to the body, mind and conscience. Its swaying motion gives a distant sense of doing something without exhaustive effort; it is not unlike chewing gum, so I am told by the dissipated young lady who indulges outside the sacred privacy of her own room—you make your jaws go without any plethora of nourishment! And on the porch these chairs are usually found in couples or groups, and when the industry is running full force it puts forth as its product an unbroken stream of talk, which being analyzed reveals the fact that our minds are "just sittin' 'round" as well as our bodies. This is all written not in criticism, but in confession; there are few if any who are not guilty. It is perfectly natural that the mind should need and take a vacation occasionally, but with the development of these marvelous winter refuges where there is no winter, covering a period in these latter days of nearly six months, and the allurements of the northern summer resorts covering the other six months, it is now possible to sit 'round the whole year through, providing of course we have the price, which price is still infected with the high cost of living, aggravated by the cost of high living in all these places, South or North.

There will probably be at least half a million people in Florida this winter who are mostly sittin' 'round, physically and mentally. And they are a pretty nice bunch. I sit with them on my front porch, nominally to make studies, but really, if the truth is to be told, because I like sittin' 'round with some people. But I feel in this matter something as Artemus Ward once said regarding the salvation of all men: "I am perfectly willing all men shall be saved if I can pick the men!" My chair gets mixed up with all kinds of chairs until it seems but a small country in the League of Nations. I wonder sometimes how long we as a people can endure with safety this everlasting sittin' 'round. As a nation we have become shamefully rich. We went into the great world war asking nothing and came out with more than all the other nations put together, and while these great riches have been concentrated in a comparative few, they are dribbling down through all sorts and conditions of men until all are getting a part, unless it is the parson, who must pay double his own salary to persuade a man who does not know how to do it to fix the drain pipe in his cellar! But that is another story. We are all pretty well fixed as a result of our alleged benevolence to the world, and with most of us there is a disposition, regardless of the future, to

"blow it all in" in having a good time, which mostly we do not know how to have, and so we join the mighty company of "sitters 'round." We think we are following the advice of Walt Whitman, "loafing and refreshing our souls," when mostly we are putting up the biggest bluff on record, and when we get back home we shall continue and raise our bluff by making the folks back home believe we have had the time of our lives, when all we did was just to sit 'round.

A sitter told me yesterday that he had just enjoyed the best day since he came, all because he had been given something to do! He did an errand for a neighbor which took him most of the day and burned up some of his gasoline, but he had the best time ever because he had something to do. You see, he had not got away from the primitive habit of being of some use in the world! But most of us practise the conventional program of getting up in the morning, if we feel like it, dressing according to the weather prognostications, going down or out or getting our own breakfast, and then making a break for the front porch, there to discuss seriously whether it will be as hot to-day as it was yesterday, or the possibility of rain or a cold snap, or to read or hear read from letters that it is twenty below in some places in the North, and to thank heaven that we are not as other people, we can revel in the sun. We were well described by a truthful old fellow who lived somewhere where they still tell the truth: Being asked as to the occupation of his fellow citizens he said, "Wall, sometimes we set and think, but mostly we just set!" We are glad to break the monotony, if we have retained enough of red blood to feel monotony, by accepting the invitation of the fortunate or unfortunate one who has an auto, and shift from our rocker to the back seat of his machine, where we continue to sit, and occasionally say, "Oh!" as we pass a beautiful house and learn that it cost "more'n a million!" I am glad to say the average on my porch is pretty high, and perhaps if I were to get a little closer to other groups I might be surprised at the amount of good sense which still is retained by them, but studying them in distant perspective on big porches and little, and noting that mostly we are all alike, I feel like calling this the age of inanity in rest and insanity in action.

But after all, we are all more or less the slaves of such remnants of conscience as we have left, and we are driven into activities which seem to connect us up with larger interests, and after we have performed the perfunctory duties of going to the band concert, or to the beach for a bath, or for the men to walk through the business section and take a flyer in real estate, and the women to wash their hair, there is still so much time to "sit 'round," that occasionally we all cast around for something to do. We are all connected, or have been, or our parents were, with some church and so if we have nothing else to do on Sunday we drop into some religious service and are entertained or wearied with a sermon by a stranger. We do not care so much about the sermon, but we have satisfied a certain ineradicable pull of our nature for worship. Or if the opportunity comes and we learn of a church supper where we can get a dollar meal for fifty cents, because the devoted women of the church are working their fingers off for the good cause, we go and pat ourselves on the back because we saved fifty cents for our own pocketbook, and gave fifty cents to God!

Yes, we are a queer lot, we sitters 'round—elementally good, some of us so good we are soft. But sometime, somehow and somewhere some one must put a soul into these thousands who are spending but not creating, until we all see that we have no right in any community, for a long or short stay, unless for all we get we give in return something of value. Then only are we to get, for the law of nature and the law of God is that only through service of some kind are we to be served.

F. A. B.

Following the General Superintendent

FEBRUARY 7 found me in Barre, Vermont, for a conference with the ministers of the state. Winter or summer the Green Mountain State has for me great attractions. The Green Mountains, in the summer because of their luxuriant foliage, in the winter because of the heavy mantle of snow that covers them, dotted here and there by wonderful evergreens, have a charm that arouses in one's soul a desire to linger in their presence. Vermont is one of the garden spots of North America.

As the train pulled along through the picturesque valleys, and between the majestic mountains all clad in snow the surface of which glistened in the sunlight like myriads of diamonds, my mind wandered back to a few eventful days in June two years ago when I toured the greater part of the state by auto in company with the State Superintendent, the Rev. George F. Fortier, his wife and daughter, in the interest of the Million Dollar Drive, which was then in progress. I was trying to tell the people how to do it; Mr. Fortier was watching me to see that I held to my subject; and Mrs. Fortier was singing her beautiful solos and making speeches for the Women's National Missionary Association. I recall that Mr. Fortier told the people in each place visited that his wife was making her first address in public. I remember that I remarked after hearing Mrs. Fortier give it, "If that is really your first address in public, I would like to hear you after you have made several hundred."

This time my destination was Barre, where the famous granite quarries and works are located. Many who read these lines have never visited Barre and perhaps they never will, but it is doubtful if there is a single one in the group who has not looked upon many specimens of Barre granite. You have seen it in buildings of various types, as trimming. You have seen it in monuments and tombs in America's many beautiful cemeteries. The next time you stand before a large monument of some kind, thirty-five or forty feet high, all one piece, just make a guess that it came from the Barre granite quarries and you very likely will hit it right. The next time you see a very sizable private vault the roof of which is one solid wall of granite, just say to yourself, "It probably came from

Barre." Barre granite goes all over America and to all parts of the world.

The object of my visit to the Granite City this time was a conference with the Vermont ministers. We have a pretty solid church in Barre and it is becoming more and more solid under the ministry of the Rev. F. O. Hokerk, who succeeded Mr. Reardon. A church in Barre, where there is so much granite, ought to be solid without being "stony." My first duty was to address a large audience in the church auditorium at eight o'clock in the evening. It was the best audience I have ever seen in the Barre church. Mr. Russell L. Davison, the new principal of Goddard Seminary, sang a solo, and in my preliminary remarks I told the people if Mr. Davison could manage a "prep" school as well as he can sing—and I doubt not he can—the future of Goddard is assured.

The next morning I conferred with the ministers of the state with reference to many matters of general interest and closed with a short talk on the spirit and methods of the Crusade. I tried to show the men that our real object is to inspire the Church as a whole to make a *special effort* for two years to increase the power of the Church to serve by winning for it new members and constituents. "No one is obligated to use the methods suggested from headquarters. We have not invented the plans outlined; we have taken them from those who have used them successfully. If they set your mind to work and you think up a method of your own that suits your field better than anything suggested, we are happy over the achievement. What we are after is a special effort. Make it in any way and by any method you see fit, but make it in some way and by some method; make the effort." This was the burden of the message that morning and it is repeated here for the benefit of others who may be interested.

A few days later I was at Congress Square Church, Portland, Maine. The occasion was a Crusade banquet in the vestry of the church. The large room was filled with tables and there were no vacant seats.

Just before the supper hour I "sat in" at a meeting of the "Congress Square Associates," the men's club of the parish, while the men smashed traditions for the sake of progress. Without a dissenting voice or vote, the constitution was amended by adding to the name of the club a very important clause, so that it is now called, "The Congress Square Associates' Chapter of the Universalist Comrades." The point is just this; the existence of a strong men's club in Congress Square Church was not an insuperable obstacle in the way of establishing a local chapter of the Comrades. Did some one say New England is conservative, tied to tradition? Perhaps so, but this incident can hardly be quoted in proof of the contention.

The Crusade meeting that followed was a truly notable affair. It couldn't be anything else in Congress Square Church. Dr. Albion turned me loose on the assemblage and in plain language the Crusade challenge was put before the guests. They met it, however, without flinching.

Congress Square is a great church, great in numbers, great in works. Its Sunday congregations number from four to five or six hundred. Its influence in the city as a whole is second to that of no institution within its boundaries, secular or religious.

I am writing these lines on the train down in the Keystone State of Pennsylvania and I do not happen to have with me the Drive figures, but I am sure that if the contribution to the denomination from Congress Square was not the largest recorded, it did not lack much of it.

This great church reflects the power of its great minister, Dr. James F. Albion. Clear as a thinker, eloquent in the finest sense of the word as a preacher, unswerving in his convictions and unselfish in his devotion to the higher life of his city, state and nation, he is a recognized leader throughout the Pine Tree State.

After a few busy days in the office, I found myself up in the Mohawk Valley in old New York State, for nearly a week. The campaign mapped out was strenuous but I have never enjoyed anything more. Perhaps it was because I had not only gone back to my native state but back to the haunts of my early ancestors. There is a liberal sprinkling of Mohawk Dutch in my blood, and my forbears prior to and during the Revolutionary War lived in this wonderfully picturesque valley. They had their part in the war that won independence for America and made Washington "first" in at least three things. I ought to belong to the "Sons of the American Revolution" and just why I don't is more than I know.

Before going into the details of this central New York tour I am going to digress from the thread of my narrative to inform the readers of this column that our friends in Olinda, Canada, are happy over the fact that the Deputy Registrar of Ontario has retracted his statement to the effect that our minister there, the Rev. Leon P. Jones, is not qualified to perform marriage ceremonies. The Attorney General has also vindicated Mr. Jones. Henceforth his weddings will go unchallenged.

One thing more about the Olinda church. Possibly in a previous article I left the impression that the good friends there are people of great wealth and leisure, when I spoke of the land in that section being worth one thousand dollars an acre. This land is not in the immediate vicinity of our church and none of it is owned by our people. The land they live on is just "regular land" such as you are accustomed to seeing.

My first stop was on Sunday morning in Fort Plain, where Clinton Liberal Institute was located when I was a boy. It makes me blush to think of the advertising that had been done by our minister there, the Rev. Herbert F. Moulton, in anticipation of my visit. The local paper carried no less than five or six double column display "ads" with my name in big letters in the center. This was only one small item of his propaganda. But he made good. It was a cold, windy, stormy morning, the first of the winter, but the church was packed clear to the doors. Had it been a pleasant morning, people would have been turned away. Some who were there had come a distance of ten or twelve miles in the storm.

Mr. Moulton knows many things; how to run a successful church is one, for he has done a remarkable work in Fort Plain during a pastorate of six years, but

above all he knows how to do effective advertising. He should have a place on the National Publicity Commission and I nominate him for it.

That evening I was in Utica where in the Church of the Reconciliation I spoke on the "Three Ships" before what is called the Sunday evening forum. Perhaps you are wondering what I mean by the three ships. If you are I am satisfied and for the present will permit you to wonder. The Rev. L. C. Nichols, formerly of Denver, is our Utica minister, and although he has been there but a short time he is giving a splendid account of himself. His church is coming and the city is talking about him.

The next day was given over to a conference with the ministers of the Mohawk Valley Association.

Tuesday morning, having a little spare time, I went "skiing" with Mr. Nichols and his daughter. I had not done anything of the kind since I was a youngster when I used barrel staves—poor ones too—with a strap on them, for skis. If you are not used to skis and you like to keep your balance, don't try it. We went out to some hills in the park back of the city, and there on a very gentle slope I put on a real pair of skis for the first time. It is no trouble to start, and once started you can't stop until you reach the bottom unless—that's just it—unless you tumble. The first time or two I was lucky, but as the track wore smooth we went faster and the next time I tried it I was about two-thirds of the way down, going at a pretty good clip, when all of a sudden my skis got twisted and I took what my eleven-year-old boy calls a "dump." I was considerably twisted myself when I finally stopped rolling, and I had accumulated a few bruises, but it was exhilarating sport, and I went at it again.

That evening I was in Dolgeville, where Dr. Sykes built a beautiful little church during the years of his pastorate in Little Falls. He was not contented with one parish and so on Sunday afternoon he drove over to Dolgeville, about ten miles away, and preached to a group of Universalists he had found there. The group grew, interest intensified and the church building, a little gem, was the result. What Dr. Sykes did then could be done again to-day if we ministers would only do what Dr. Sykes did. This is the surest and best way in which to double our membership. Why don't we try it, men? I'll promise to do so when I take a parish again.

Dolgeville, a town of thirty-five hundred inhabitants, is a community of rather more than usual interest. Every time you put on a pair of the best felt "comfy" slippers in America or give some one a pair for a birthday or a Christmas present, the chances are you are helping to keep Dolgeville on the map. Mr. Dolge, after whom the town was named—he really created it—saw the possibilities of water power in the vicinity, and located a felt mill there. In the panic of 1893 he lost everything and went to California. Nowadays people don't go to California because they have lost everything, but because they have "got everything." Mr. Dolge left, but his name and his industry stayed by the town. His felt mill was succeeded by the Daniel Green Felt Shoe Company and the Dolgeville Felt Shoe Company.

If you have a first class piano in your home it is pretty likely that the sounding board was made in Dolgeville. The Breckwoldt Piano Sounding Board Company is the largest concern of its kind in the country and it sells sounding boards to all of the leading piano manufacturers in the United States.

I spoke in the church to a crowded house. Chairs were placed in every available space. About twenty people came down from Salisbury Center, about three miles away, where we have a church that the Dolgeville minister, the Rev. Clinton Moulton, cares for in addition to looking after the Dolgeville parish. Mr. Moulton, you see, is keeping up the practise inaugurated by Dr. Sykes of going the extra mile. He has been in Dolgeville about eight years and his people like him so well and he is so fond of them that he can not even hear a call to another field.

By noon of the next day I was back in Utica, where I had the pleasure of speaking before the "Kiwanis Club." Mr. Nichols belongs to this organization of aggressive business men.

That evening I was in Herkimer where I met my old friend, Lewis Robinson, who was doing his second year in the Canton Theological school the fall I entered. He is now on the first year of what is really his second pastorate in Herkimer. When people call a minister back he has received a vote of confidence. He had not been there very long the first time when family matters made it necessary for him to take charge of a farm. He is glad to be back in the ministry once more and with his fine mind and devoted spirit he will build a church worthy the name.

I spoke to a splendid and responsive audience in his church at 7.30 and I am sure that I made a very distinct impression on the mind of at least one hearer. I was introduced to a lady after the service who said to Mr. Robinson after she had greeted me: "Shall I tell him what I told you?" "No," exclaimed Mr. Robinson, "you'll start something if you do." "Well," she continued, "since hearing him"—she glanced at me—"I am convinced of it." When she had gone Mr. Robinson explained as follows: "That woman is a Holy Roller. She told me the other night she thought the Universalist the agent of the Devil. After hearing you she is convinced of it." I got a verdict, even if it was not the verdict for which I preached.

The Ladies' Aid Society in the Herkimer church enjoys what I believe to be a unique distinction. It is a leading social organization in the city. It numbers among its members not only Universalist women, but women from the Methodist, Dutch Reformed, and Episcopal Churches. These women, to belong, have to help, at present, in raising a fund of $1,000 with which to redecorate the auditorium of the Universalist church.

Thursday evening, my last in the Mohawk Valley, was spent in Little Falls. Here we have another strong church. Mr. Cary, the minister, was "cut out" for the Roman Catholic priesthood, but in this case the inoculation did not take, for Mr. Cary is not only in the Universalist ministry, but he is so happy in it that he can not get over regretting that he did not find the Universalist Church earlier in his life. He is not only the minister of a growing church, but

he is a moving spirit in nearly every enterprise of any moment in the civic and philanthropic life of the city. He was or is at the head of the committees for Near East, Chinese, Red Cross and local relief. Many of you may know of his wife through her activities in behalf of the W. N. M. A. and especially through her little missionary plays which have been presented in so many churches.

The ladies of the parish served a supper in the vestry at 6.30 o'clock that was one of the most remarkable church suppers of which I have ever partaken. It would have required a strong will indeed to refrain from the sin of over indulgence under the circumstances, one stronger than I possess, I have to admit. A little later we had a meeting upstairs that was largely attended and inspiring in spirit.

Some of my readers will recall that about a year ago the Boston sleeper on the midnight train out of Little Falls was totally demolished in a wreck near Schenectady and that all in it were killed. I was to have spoken in Little Falls that night but a freight wreck kept me from getting through for the appointment or I would have been in the ill-fated car on which a berth had been reserved for me.

After the meeting in the church was over and a social chat with Mr. and Mrs. Cary had been disposed of, I went to the station and purchased my ticket for Boston on the same train that was in the terrible disaster of a year ago. I bought it, too, of the very woman agent who sold the berth I canceled at that time to the man and his wife who both lost their lives in the above-mentioned catastrophe. I talked with her about the incident and then, without the slightest tremor of fear or worry, went out, boarded the train and enjoyed a good night's rest.

John Smith Lowe.

* * *

PRIZE ESSAY CONTEST

THE Sunday school in Akron, Ohio, is the winner of the Japanese flag offered by the Board of Foreign Missions for the best essay written by one of its members in grammar school. Adaline K. Hillibish, eleven years old, is the author of the prize-winning essay. Twelve essays were submitted, and all of them showed real interest in the boys and girls of Japan. The Board of Foreign Missions congratulates the writers of the essays on their work. In addition to the prize-winning essay, honorable mention has been awarded to those written by Regina Leona Cary, seven years old, of Little Falls, N. Y., and by John F. Rich, twelve years old, of Woonsocket, R. I. It is regretted that only one essay in the contest for members of the Y. P. C. U. was submitted, and so no prize has been awarded.

The Prize Essay

WHAT SANTA CLAUS SAW IN JAPAN

Adaline K. Hillibish

North Pole, Dec. 30, 1920.

Mr. Stanley Manning,

Dear Sir:

I landed in Tokyo in my aeroplane early on Christmas Eve. As I work day and night I went to Japan because the American boys and girls would be awake playing.

I walked from house to house and in all of one hundred there were no Christmas trees or any little socks hanging up. At last I came to a house decorated like the houses are in the United States at Christmas.

I rapped on the door, and Mrs. Ayres came out.

"My dear lady," I said, "don't any of these little children know about Christmas?"

"Well, well! Santa, you are just the man I was looking for," said Mrs. Ayres. "Down at the Midori Kindergarten there are many little children who know of Jesus. They hung their socks up but we have nothing to fill them with. Come down there with me."

When she wasn't looking I left some presents for her. We went down to the kindergarten and filled up socks.

While we were working Mrs. Ayres told me that the women of Ohio were going to give them another kindergarten, which will be called the Ohayo Kindergarten, because Ohayo means good morning in Japanese.

She then directed me to Shizuoka. I helped Miss Hazel Kirk fill socks for her Sunday school children. She was to have a Christmas entertainment for them the next night.

Nagoya was my next stop and Mr. and Mrs. Nagano were great helpers. They were having their Sunday school entertainment. I got there just in the nick of time with the presents.

It was growing toward midnight when I left Japan, but I felt that I had done my duty. Next year I will bring more presents because there will be more boys, girls, men and women who will know about Christmas and I do hope that the boys and girls in the United States will help give these little brothers and sisters in Japan a very, very, merry Christmas.

Sincerely,

Santa Claus.

Honorable Mention

IF I WERE A GIRL IN JAPAN

Regina Leona Cary

If I were a girl in Japan I would worship ugly idols. I would write prayers on pieces of paper and chew them and throw them at the idols. If I were sick the priest would stick a needle into me to let out the demons, or mother rub my sores against a dirty Buddha. I would sit on my heels on the floor instead of a chair. I would take off my shoes before I went into any house. We would have a table about six inches long for each of us to eat from. We would have tea instead of milk, and eat with chopsticks instead of forks, knives and spoons. I would be polite to every one and call my mamma "Honorable Mamma." I would see men build houses and start with the roof and end with the floor. I would see men drive horses into the stable tail first. If I could read I would read from the end backward. My father could sell me if he needed money, and I would have to mind my brother. If Japan became Christian everything wrong will become right.

BEING A BOY IN JAPAN

John F. Rich

A boy's life in Japan differs vastly from life in the U. S. A. For instance, when seven days old his head is shaved, and at intervals thereafter. When thirty-one days old he is taken to a temple, named, and sacred songs chanted. Following this ceremony he is presented with two fans, which are supposed to show courage.

A boy in Japan spends most of his time out-of-doors.

Parents never whip their children as that would be barbaric.

A boy wears the same clothes as his elders with the sole addition of a "kinchaku" which is a brocaded charm bag containing "mamorifuda," a protection from the wheels of the "jinrikisha," also other dangers. He always wears a metal ticket engraved with his name and address.

All Japanese boys marry early.

Most all of them carry a pack of cards in their sleeves, taking the place of pockets.

He sleeps on a soft, thickly padded square of bright crepe spread upon the floor, with a small block of wood for a pillow.

When small he loves fairy tales, some of which are the "Tongue Cut Sparrow," "The Battle of the Monkey and the Crab," and "The Lucky Teakettle."

His greeting is, "Ohayo" (Good-day) and his good-by is "Sayonara."

The Japanese Santa Claus is the "Mochi Man," who arrives sometime before the first of January.

I know I'd rather be an American boy.

* * *

A SONG OF CREATION

Helen L. Stetson

The great abyss to rhythmic sound is stirred,
Reverberating with God's mighty word!
By swift unerring will and constant mind
The act divine performed with plan defined,
Till tone on tone and heavenly peal on peal
In rich, melodious chords and anthems steal
Across the void. Then living fire leaps
From that unceasing movement, till the deeps
Become a forming mass, a cosmic sea
Of flashing light for all eternity.
O great vibration never spent,
God's dream of song that shapes
The firmament!

Fair, sensuous earth and sky that shimmering smiles,
Wide, billowy meadows, dreamy woodland aisles,
Vast forest silences untrod by man,
Swift leaping brooks, whose source no eye may scan,
Bright hanging stars that stud the inky night,
Green sloping hillsides, snow-capped mountain height,
Clear sparkling gems that dot the earthland o'er,
Wild, restless seas dividing shore from shore,
Rich scented bloom of lowland and of high,
Sweet songsters, children of the earth and sky—
Nature, thou art thy Master's thought,
His dream of beauty that
In thee is wrought!

Seeing this universe so full of grace,
Filled with His life to farthest end of space,
Yearning His dream with other hearts to share
In consciousness of bliss beyond compare,
Man He created with a dual life,
Divine and human, in a holy strife
Warring till love's triumphant power at last
In harmonious union binds them fast,
Lover and beloved, in sweet accord.
How marvelous are all thy works, O Lord!
Soul of mankind that heaven has trod,
A dream of perfect love
Thou art of God!

O man endowed with life and power to dream,
In thee His consciousness flows like a stream.
Creative energy within thee lies
Beyond the scope of yonder changing skies.
Have, then, the will to dream and serve Him more,
A constant mind His presence to adore,
An unconditioned faith whate'er betide,
An arm outstretched to all with thee allied.
Thus merged in His great being, to its power
Yield thou thine all, and feel in that glad hour
Soul-conscious life from thee outflow.
Dream thou the dream of God,
And, dreaming, know!

PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Restaurant Feast

I TOOK my little Grandson unto a Restaurant, and bought for him a Good Square Meal. And it was the lad's first Experience of the kind. And he watched eagerly that he might behold everything that occurred, and there was not much that he did not observe. And I read unto him the Bill of Fare, and whatsoever he desired, that did I buy for him.

Now when we had returned unto the house, he told his mother, even the daughter of Keturah, about his great experience. And of all that he had to relate, this was the most wonderful for him:

They gave unto him at the Restaurant a Glass of Milk, and also a Glass of Water.

Now this would not have seemed unto me the most important part of the feast; but at home there are certain limitations. For he liketh to play with his glass, and sometimes doth he upset it. And if he have two glasses, he dippeth from the one to the other with a teaspoon, and seeketh to maintain a level of liquids in the two by drinking and dipping. Wherefore, it was for him a Red Letter Day when he had both Water and Milk in two glasses at the same time; and in comparison the rest of the Bill of Fare was unimportant.

And I considered that this is very like unto Human Nature; and that men and women have their own arbitrary standards of Value that are quite as Comickal as those of Children.

For I know many men and women who go through life with its Feast of Fat Things, and what they are getting out of it is little more than a thin Milk-and-Water diet. But the table of our Heavenly Father is well loaded with a varied Feast.

Now my little lad, though he chiefly regarded the Milk and Water, really filled himself very full of the Substantial Stuff of the Meal. And therein he was more sensible than some Grown Folk.

* * *

NOTES OF THE MORNING

Caught Through the Early Mists by a Staff Reporter

Was Jesus a Swede?

In St. Paul, Minn., there is an aged member of one of our Baptist churches who insists that Jesus was a Swede. And in proof she declares that the Bible is written in Swedish and that every one of the words of Christ is spoken in the same language. What possibly could be clearer? Before this it has been pointed out that, when Jesus was painted by Italian artists in the wonderful past, it was an Italian face which looked out from the canvas. In these later days, we have seen the Chinese painting Chinese Christs and the people of India giving us Indian Christs. Now and then one of our moderns makes an attempt to give us a Christ with a Jewish type of face, but in almost every case it is possible to tell from the picture the nationality of the artist. This is something like the miracle of Pentecost. Then every man heard the gospel preached in the tongue in which he had been born. Now every man sees the Christ as one of his own people. He is never a foreigner. He is always one of us and yet always more than any one of us is or ever can be. . . . Confucius is forever a native of China and Mohammed belongs to the East. Multitudes of the men and the women who come to us from England and France are distinctly of a different type from ourselves. But Jesus is always one of our own number. The aged Baptist is right. Jesus is a Swede. But he is more: he is

also a Frenchman and a German and an Englishman and a Japanese and an Indian. He is man, typically and representatively man, always and everywhere. Humanity has its summing up in him. He reaches out his arms to all, and whosoever will may come to him and feel no sense of strangeness. (*Editorial in the Baptist.*)

Relatives of God

Man has his fitful day, then perishes, but his thought abides forever. Moses, David, Solomon—they and their people and kingdom and temple are unseen and unknown, but their law and psalmody and wisdom are known and their power is everywhere visible. Civilization is greater than its cities, and Christianity is far greater than its mighty hosts of followers. Man is kin with Him who knows and sees the unknown and unseen paths. We are all elemental though mystical parts of that power in the great universe which gives color and perfume to the rose, and lights the star lamps of the heavens, and creates melody in the bird, and gives the vision splendid by which man is lured away from his sodden and selfish contentment, to climb to the ideals that God puts in the sky of his soul even as He hung the Star of the East over the Bethlehem khan." (*W. N. P. D., editorial page of the Intelligencer.*)

* * *

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Charles A. Alden

APRIL 10—BIBLE TEACHINGS ABOUT HEALTH

1 Cor. 6 : 19, 20; 9 : 24-27; Gal. 6 : 7-8

The Littered Temple

God bless the good janitor. He is second in the sanctuary only to the minister, and it's a close decision at that. Strangers that come are welcome, but if they find it necessary to overcome the sense of a dirty or disorderly place of worship they are likely not to come for the welcome the second time. Programs, peanut shells and pop corn are all good in their proper respective places, but on the seats or the floor of the temple as reminders of the last social evening they interfere with the service all the way from the voluntary to the recessional. Even poor music has to be at its very worst to even begin to rival the poor janitor as a ministerial handicap. Your body may be a temple, far above the average in external appearance, but if the janitor service has been poor the audience will be of diminishing character. If strangers come to your temple and find the evidences of the Holy Spirit covered with dust, if coming in contact with the best there is in you these other souls get their spiritual garments dirty, you will have little further trouble in observing a very close and exclusive communion. When God within is used as an illustration by the apostle, it is only rephrasing the "kingdom of heaven within you" that Jesus preached. Keep the temple clean. The wings of prayer are the motor power of the best vacuum cleaner. Scripture makes a splendid duster if not applied perfunctorily.

Sanity and Sanitation

Ellis Island has "made the front page" frequently of late on account of a typhus scare. Immigrants have found the initiation of fumigating agents before they were permitted to find what is back of the Statue of Liberty. Epidemics, even in embryo, get under our epidermis. Alien thoughts may have all the signs of making good citizens after naturalization, but they need not be admitted without examination. You are not your own that you should be a gate for smuggling in diseased ideas, perhaps fatal to self and neighbors.

Bought with a Price

All the high cost of tuition by experience through all the centuries of the past, all the sacrifices that sin and selfishness have compelled, all these have been paid as a price for the life that is yours, and the environment in which you live, and the privileges you enjoy. The health of your body is important because of its temple character, the inside sanctuary, because of the mind and soul within, the health of which is far more important. If the mind is not sick it will dominate both the minister and the janitor of your temple. You are not your own. Compare in teaching how America owns her citizens and how God owns His children. Father and fatherland, the latter native or adopted, have a mystic ownership. We often speak of "America's children." Compare the meaning of Jesus' word: "Call no man your father on the earth, for one is your Father, which is in heaven." He didn't mean to ignore human parents, but to relate them properly. Your home and ancestry, environment and heredity, are potential regarding your health, physical and spiritual. If these are good, be thankful by showing appreciation in deeds; if they are not so good, there lies your task of revealing what health you have in exercise intended to improve the one over which you have some jurisdiction.

The Race of Runners

A race lies in the set path, straight ahead. We have a lot of runners who simply run around, hither and thither, with no evident purpose. The race-running requires preparedness and training. Unnecessary things must be stripped off. Fat must be reduced. Many are too spiritually corpulent, from lack of exercise, to cut much figure in a race. To stand any show in competition, we must be in the pink of condition, while too many of us are blue, some from gloom, some from cold. A runner must co-ordinate all his faculties. It is significant that the sum of these tallies with the whole man as spiritually invoiced in the first great commandment, about loving God, to wit, strength (muscle), heart (wind), mind (alertness), soul (desire). To win in a race, you need all these.

The Rules of the Game

While you are thinking about running it might be well to recall that Isaiah, as well as Paul, had a word to say about it. He said that "they that wait upon the Lord shall . . . run and not be weary." Possibly it may not be foreign to remind ourselves also that running only occupies a very small part of human life and that Isaiah's climax of "walk and not faint" applies to a much larger portion. To make game of religion is bad. Some people think it is sacrilegious to make "a game" of it. Yet Paul was not afraid to use this as an illustration. It should not shock us. It is an easy line for talking to young people about rules, for every game has its rules. That is fascinating language with youth. Preparedness and knowledge of how to fight eliminates this "beating the air" business. It is an illustration that boys especially will instantly catch, of the boxing ring. Describe the fellow who puts on the gloves for the first time, ask boys what chance he would have with a fellow that knows how. Then change the lesson to fighting temptation, and the need of knowing how to meet it, knowing how to ward off its blows, how to land a knock-out on sin.

Spiritual Self-Massage

Beat your own body (or mind) into shape or somebody else will beat it out of shape. Fear of not being good enough should never loom bigger than that of being no good at all, by idleness or indecision.

Fourth Point of Fellowship

This passage in Galatians is the clearest we have of our Universalist fourth fellowship point: The certainty of just retribution for sin. The sin of avoidable sickness, physical or mental, in self or in others, should be driven home to all. It is poor policy to raise money for a minister's salary, whether high or low, and then subordinate the man who preaches to the whim of the man who sweeps and dusts, or ought to. It is folly to be sick when you don't have to. Rubbers as a protection against wet and cold are often more needed on the mind than on the feet. The body should not master the mind. The mind should master and dominate the body. Let good thoughts, thoughts of good (health included), grow up and go to seed within you. Keep the bad thoughts (health included) out whenever possible. If they get in, don't be too polite to them. Certainly cut them down, and throw them out before they go to seed.

Home and Children

FRIENDLY POETRY

The poems to be printed in this department must meet the human test. They must have sympathy, understanding and, above all, faith.

MATINS

The breezes of the spring
Have taken wing,
And on the soft airs fling,
From censers swinging in their hands,
The perfume of far lands.

And as they upward leap,
Lightly they sweep
The deep and sounding things
Of nature's lyre, and sweet there rings
A note that from the roadside springing
Sets every swaying treetop singing
The song of growing things.

As through the lane I pass,
I hear in all the dells
A music low, that wells
From everywhere and tells
Of joy among the bending blades of grass
That chant their early mass.

Richard Warner Borst.

THE CHRISTENING PARTY

IT really was most unfortunate. The day for the Christening Party had been settled and all the invitations sent out, and it was already too late to alter the arrangements, when it was discovered that the date chosen clashed with that of the christening of the little Princess. So, as the boy's father was a rather struggling professional man in a small provincial town, only those fairies accepted who were not of sufficient power and importance to get an invitation to the Palace.

The christening went off most pleasantly. The Vicar made quite a little speech in the vestry, saying he hoped the boy would grow up as good a man as his father, and that with such a mother to guide and train him he ought to do so. Nurse, too, declared that the baby had been as good as gold all though the ceremony—so he had, bless him, and had never cried at all, the little man, except just when the water was poured on him. And it is good luck, you know, for a child to cry then, for it shows that the badness is going out of him. The tea afterwards was quite nice. Simple, of course, but tastefully served, and the guests seemed to enjoy themselves.

But when the time came for the procession round the cradle, and for the giving of gifts by the assembled fairies, every one felt a little awkward—the leading fairy especially. "I really hardly know what to say," she declared. "Seeing that he's a Thursday child he would, of course, in any case have to work hard for his living. But if the Head of our Department, the Fairy Opulentia, had been here she could at least have arranged that his hard work should bring him great wealth. But anything of that sort is quite out of my power. What is it the good book says? 'Give me neither poverty nor riches. Feed me with food sufficient for me.' I am afraid that is about the limit of my power, too."

So, too, with the next fairy. "I could, of course, have a try at making him a genius," she began. And then, turning to the mother, she asked, "What was that you said?"

The mother replied, rather timidly, "I said 'For Heaven's sake don't.' "

"Well, I dare say you are right," said the fairy, evidently relieved. "Geniuses are often very trying to live with. Nerves, and fancies, and all that, even if not drink. But I've got a set of average abilities, which should just fit him. Quality fair to middling, you know. I'll give him those."

The next fairy declared that the Fairy Queen of Love and Beauty, up at the Palace, was dowering the little Princess with all sorts of gifts—rosy lips, blue eyes, golden hair, bewitching smile, and what not. But the best she could promise the boy was that he should, at any rate, not be deformed. However, as she added rather apologetically, looks don't really count for much in a boy.

Then one of the ladies from Helicon way stepped forward. She declared that if her near relation Clio (she laid great stress on the nearness of the relationship, but I believe she was only cousin, several times removed, to the Muse of History) had been present there would have been no saying what the boy might not have done when he grew up. But if she could not promise that he should make history she would at any rate give him a taste for reading it, so that the lives of great men and the records of mighty deeds should be a joy to him all his days. ("And not a bad exchange either," whispered the father to his wife. And perhaps he was right.)

The second of the ladies from Parnassus took quite the same line. If Calliope, Euterpe, or Erato had been there, she declared, they would have touched the boy's lips with the sacred fire. The most she could guarantee was that he should love poetry and carry a volume of "The Golden Treasury" in his pocket before he was out of his teens.

And the third young lady, who seemed to be musical, said even less. She just struck a few chords on a small harp she carried and said, "Same here! I don't think he'll ever compose anything, but he'll enjoy a good concert as much as any one, and perhaps play a little himself."

Things were going on in this, as you might say, second-rate way when suddenly the Fairy Joie-de-Vivre flew in at the window on a blue bird. I think she herself, like her name, must be French, for she was humming, as she came, "*Y a des honnetes gens partout.*"

As soon as she had dismounted she cried, "Am I in time? I was not invited to the Palace, but I went all the same, for, of course, I thought it was an oversight, or that the card had been lost in the post.

But all the windows were shut, and I could not get in. So I hurried on here. What have my sisters been giving the boy? Oh, quite a nice little lot of things. It only wants something from me and he'll be well provided for. Let me see. What shall I give him? I'll give him the art of enjoying life. If work makes him get up early he shall know the delights of fresh morning air, and if he comes home late in the evening weariness shall not hide from him the beauties of the night. The cold of driven rain on the face, the freshness of water when he swims, pleasant tiredness after a long tramp over open country, and the savor of plain food spiced by hunger shall delight him. He shall love the country; birds and beasts and flowers and insects shall stir him to wonder and joy, and sunrise over mountains, or the path the moon paints for herself across smooth water, shall be for him a marvel always new. And if toil compels him to live in towns his delights shall be with the sons of men. The honesty of simple men, the devotion of mothers, the loves of young men and maidens, the uncorrupted goodness of boys and girls, and the grace and beauty of little children, dirty little children playing in the streets, shall move him and refresh his heart like red wine. He shall keep old friends and make new ones, and as he grows old things shall grow better and better still—" Suddenly she paused, looking for a moment almost self-conscious. "Dear me," she cried, "I'm making quite a speech. Aren't we all rather serious? Let's join hands and dance three times round the cradle. It may not do any special good, but it should make the child laugh, and I do love dimples in a smiling baby."

That night when the baby was safe asleep in his cot upstairs the yong parents sat by the fire, in the gloaming, and discussed the events of the day. Perhaps it was because they were modest young folk who did not expect too much of this world, or perhaps they had some fairy key to the meaning of life of which I know nothing, but, whatever may have been the reason, they decided that the Christening Party had been quite a success, and that everything had passed off well, considering.—*Manchester Guardian.*

* * *

QUEER THINGS ABOUT WATER

Water, unstable fluid though it is, displays remarkable power under pressure either natural or mechanical. In fact, it would astonish you to know what water can do under certain conditions.

When a man goes in swimming and slaps the water forcibly with his hand he realizes that the unstable fluid offers very little resistance. Yet a stream from a fireman's hose will knock a man down; and the jet from a nozzle used in placer mining eats away a great hill in a day, toys with great boulders as if they were pebbles and could shoot a man over the country as if he were a projectile from a cannon.

There is a power plant near Durango, Colorado. A United States cavalryman who was visiting it one day thought it would be easy to pass his saber through a two-inch stream of water. He made the attempt, but his saber was shivered in two and his wrist broken. A thinner jet of water, descending one thousand feet to a factory in Grenoble, France, and traveling at the rate of one hundred yards a second, fractures the best blades of Toledo.

Of course some people will not believe such stories without seeing the thing themselves; and you may think it a proof of the scientific imagination to say that a stream of water an inch thick, if it had sufficient velocity, would ward off bombshells as well as steel plate would do.

Nevertheless, many travelers have seen a brakeman put a small hydraulic jack under one end of a car and lift twenty tons or so by means of a few leisurely strokes of the pump handle; and the experience of riding every day in a hydraulic elevator will remove any doubts concerning the magic power of water when hitched to a machine.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

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FURTHER CENSUS STATISTICS

The population of these fairly United States is 105,683,108, including the Scandinavian. The census taker has done a good job as far as he went, but in the rush and turmoil he has necessarily had to leave a good deal undone. At great expense, however, Life's trusted minions have followed him over the country, and are accordingly able to contribute these further statistics about the 105,683,108:

100,726,836 people, finding some one ahead of them who is waiting for the elevator, nevertheless ring the bell themselves.

4,726,989 New Yorkers, in putting down a nickel for a subway or "L" ticket, say, "One."

726,535,928 people believe absolutely in the "Hours of Collection" printed on mail boxes.

827,625,333 read the captions aloud at a movie show.

999,827,827 say, "Guess who this is!" over the telephone.

726,932,888 are members of families which have fruit pictures hanging in their dining rooms.

220,738 are head waiters who ask, "How many?" when they see two persons approaching.

523 went crazy during the past year while trying to fish short spoons out of olive jars.

Seventeen are able to exclude all the crumbs while eating toast in bed.

Three are able to sharpen a lead pencil into a wastebasket and get all the sharpenings into the basket.—*Life.*

* * *

HIGH GRADE

Much perturbed twelve-year-old Rosie rushed into the hospital dispensary bearing on her arm the young hopeful of her family in the form of a two-year old boy. "I wanta doctor, I wanta doctor," she exclaimed. "Itzy swallowed sum ammonia and my mother wants to know if it'll do him anything."

The admitting physician, endeavoring to find out the strength of the liquid supposedly causing the excitement, asked the child what kind it was.

Delighted to show the family affluence, Rosie puffed up with pride and announced in her grandest manner, "Oh, doctor, it was the very best kind."—*Survey.*

* * *

DAYLIGHT SAVING IN FRANCE

Daylight saving will begin in France to-day (March 16) to continue until October 15. How will the French farmer keep the dew off his grass? How will the reapers gather their grain in the Beauce or the Norman dairymaids milk their cows and make their cheeses? The French farmer is one of the most industrious and efficient in Europe, but he seems to lack the New York farmer's aptitude for influencing legislation in his own interest. Or does he regard the interest of all the people as paramount to his own?

France, of course, needs every ounce of added strength it can gain for recuperation from the war, and if the French farmer can adjust himself to daylight saving, possibly the New York farmer could have found a way to make concessions.—*New York World.*

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ENGLISH LIKE THE DICKENS

An advertisement from a Siamese newspaper:

"The news of English, we tell the latest. Writ in perfectly style and most earliest. Do a murder get commit we hear and tell of it. Do a mighty chief die, we publish it, and in borders of somber. Staff has each one been college, and write like the Kipling and the Dickens. We circulate every town and extortionate not for advertisements. Buy it."—*The Pioneer (India)*

Young People's Christian Union

DIRECTOR'S DATES

April 2-3, New England Get-Together, Lawrence, Mass.
April 9-10, Illinois State Rally, Chicago.
April 14-15, Fouke, Ark.
April 17, Elgin, Tex.
April 18, Fair Oaks, Tex.
April 19-20, Taylor, Tex.
April 21, Tillman's Chapel, Tex.
April 22, Jacksonville, Tex.
April 24, Ponta, Tex.
May 1-2, Denver, Colo.
May 3-10, Kansas and Missouri points as arranged by Southwestern Superintendent.
May 4-5, Hutchinson, Kan.
May 6-8, Junction City, Kan.
May 10, Elmer, Mo.
May 14-15, Indiana State Rally, Manchester.
May 16, Fork Ridge, W. Va.

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TWO MORE BUCKEYES

The Queen City of the western rivers has made its appearance once more, after an absence of several years, in the ranks of the Y. P. C. U. Soon after the coming of Rev. Don Scott, interest on the part of the young people of the parish began to make itself felt, and during a visit by the Director plans for the organization of a Union were made. These plans have now been carried out, and Cincinnati takes its rightful place among the organized young people of the Church.

Just as the above paragraph was finished, word comes of the organization of another Union in Kent, where Rev. Edgar Lewis, another importation from Vermont, recently began his pastorate. This church and Union will entertain the State Convention in June.

* *

THE NUTMEG STATE

At Bridgeport, one of the Lenten services was devoted to the interests of the young people, and the Director was invited to speak. The Bridgeport church and Union are experiencing some difficulties due to the industrial depression, but they will find their way out, for pastor and people have faith and courage and consecration.

After the service, the young people held a business meeting for the purpose of electing delegates to the State Convention at Norwich, April 9-10, and a social hour followed this.

On my way home from Bridgeport, I stopped over at Meriden and Hartford, at the former place for a conference with the National Superintendent of Junior work, Miss Ruth G. Downing, who is also superintendent of the local Junior Union. Some of the older members of this Union are nearly ready to graduate, and plans are being made for the organization of a Senior Union in the fall.

At Hartford last Sunday, fifteen young people of those present at Sunday school pledged themselves to faithful attendance at Y. P. C. U. meetings if a Union were organized, and this will probably be accomplished a few weeks after Easter.

* *

THE VITALITY OF RELIGION

I have just come from the famous old St. Paul's Church, facing the Boston Common, where I attended a part of the three hour Good Friday service which has been a feature of the work of this church for many years. The three hours are divided into twenty minute periods, and opportunity is given to enter and leave between the periods. Many can stay for only a single one of these brief moments of worship; few stay throughout the entire three hours. Bishop Lawrence was the speaker this year, giving short addresses on the seven words from the Cross.

The significance of the service is not in the speaker, or the subject of his addresses, or the place where it is held, or the holy day that is observed; it is in the fact that in the very center of a great city, with the noise of traffic on the outside, with the great structures of trade and industry towering high above the church building, with throngs of people passing by, busy with ordinary work or extraordinary preparations for Easter, this immense church, seating many hundreds of people, is crowded from the beginning to the end of this remarkable service.

I went in at twenty minutes before two, and, by a chance movement of the crowd which favored me, succeeded in getting just to the top of the gallery stairs during the hymn that marks the intermission. Police were stationed in the vestibule to prevent the over-crowding of the building and the violation of the fire ordinances. Even at this time, after the customary noon hour of most store and office workers, many had to wait outside and in the vestibules for one of the twenty minute periods before they could gain admission, and many, many more stood just inside for a longer time, that they might receive the inspiration which this service gives.

The number of men present was significant. This was no gathering of people of leisure, who had nothing else to do with their time. Here were business men, taking a little time from the press of office work for the refreshing of their souls; here were girls from offices and stores, with only an hour away from their work but spending a good part of it in worship; here were all sorts and conditions of people, in whose lives religion is a sufficiently vital thing so that they push and jostle one another in their eagerness to get inside a place of worship in the middle of a busy day, when there is work that might mean money in their pockets waiting to be done.

Within two or three feet of me, as I stood listening to the Bishop, were three men. One was a young business man, to judge by his appearance, as eager in his desire to gain entrance to this service of worship as he would be to gain entrance to some commercial opportunity; another was an elderly man, white-haired, whose work in earlier years seemed to have won for him a measure of leisure now, and who would spend a part of that leisure with God; the third was a man of another race and color, but in the great Christian democracy one who could rightly claim a brother's share.

Religion is vital enough to work the miracle of brotherhood, if we would only give it the chance every day that we do at Christmastide and in Holy Week, to bless and strengthen and revitalize our life, and lift it up to the mountain-tops where human pettiness and exclusiveness and sin are seen to be as foolish as they really are. Every week would be a holy week, there would be fifty-two good Fridays in every year, and the Kingdom of God, for which Jesus of Nazareth was crucified nineteen hundred years ago, would be established in the earth.

Stanley Manning.

Boston, Good Friday.

For the Quiet Hour

"In the long run the most unpleasant truth is a safer companion than a pleasant falsehood."

Unless the Spirit of God be upon us, we have no might from within and no means from without to rely upon. Wait upon the Lord, beloved, and seek strength from Him alone. There can not come out of you what has not been put into you. You must receive and then give out.

C. H. Spurgeon.

In my home life may I be made a blessing, its sunbeam when the days are dark, its inspiration when the days are sad and hopeless, its tender comfort when the days are full of pain and tears.

F. B. Meyer.

It is true that love can not be forced, that it can not be made to order, that we can not love because we ought or even because we want. But we can bring ourselves into the presence of the lovable; we can enter into friendship through the door of discipleship; we can learn love through service.

Hugh Black.

Love, when we analyze it, is not only feeling, it is will also. To love is to will another's good.

A. R. Garvie.

Whosoever has not a Christianity that sanctifies the trifles has a Christianity that will not sanctify the crises of his life.

Alexander Maclaren.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Mrs. Marietta B. Wilkins, 52 Essex St., Salem, Mass.

ANNOUNCEMENT

We take pleasure in announcing the purchase by the Women's National Missionary Association of the birthplace of Clara Barton at North Oxford, Mass., a farm of ninety-six acres, beautifully located on Taft Hill, one of the highest points of land in Massachusetts.

It is our purpose to maintain this place as a shrine, to restore the house according to the period of her birth (1821), and to keep it open to visitors. It will also be used for summer institute work. It is our pre-eminent design, however, to carry on some kind of humanitarian work there, and to have suitable buildings for the purpose as soon as possible.

Clara Barton was our greatest Universalist woman, one of the greatest women in world history, and it seems fitting that the women of the present day Universalist Church should thus honor her memory in this her centenary year.

The work will be carried on by the Clara Barton Guild, under the supervision of the Executive Board of the W. N. M. A.

Upon the Church itself will rest the unqualified support of this undertaking. We urge all our women to stand behind this movement by uniting with the Missionary Society as members; we urge all our young women to rally to the colors of the Clara Barton Guild and make this shrine and incidental activities an honor to our greatest Universalist woman and to the denomination.

Let the work be commensurate with her vision: For Humanity!

Marietta B. Wilkins, President,
Agnes R. Conklin,
Rose A. Johonnot,
Ethel M. Allen,
Marian W. Lobdell,
Emma L. Bush,
Vivian R. Moore,
Susan M. Andrews,
Mabel E. Blaisdell,
Alice Coe McGlauflin,
Executive Board, W. N. M. A.

* *

LINES OF WORK OF THE W. N. M. A.

Birthplace of Clara Barton at North Oxford, Mass. To be maintained as a shrine and for humanitarian work.

Japan

Blackmer Home (not a school). Accommodates twenty-two girls, two missionaries, one Japanese Social Worker (now training).

Midori Kindergarten. Eighty children. Mother's Club, sewing class. English classes. Domestic science. Sunday schools. Playground.

The Women's Universalist Missionary Alliance of Ohio to Raise Money for a Kindergarten.

Needs: Support for twenty-two girls. $15,000 for a kindergarten building, trainer of kindergarten teachers, evangelistic missionary.

Southern Field

North Carolina: five missionaries (men), one woman worker, twenty-five mission points, church buildings, church organizations, Mission Circles, Clara Barton Guilds, mountain work, Sunday schools, Y. P. C. U.

Tennessee: two missionaries, two mission points, two Mission Circles, two Sunday schools.

Bulletin, published September to May (inclusive).

Membership: Number of Mission Circles, 232. Number of Clara Barton Guilds, 47. Total, 279. Members, 8000 approximately.

Funds: Permanent, $42,093.73. Blackmer Home Endowment, $21,339.00. Jubilee, pledged, $99,818.86; paid, $87,738.03. Church Building Loan, $4,732.31. (Loaned without interest.)

Are you a helper in holding up the hands of this splendid work for the Universalist Church?

If not, why not.

Sunday School Search Lights

(The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 359 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.)

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* NOTES MNEMONIC. 5. April *
* 2. Remember that every class *
* with members over twelve years of *
* age ought to be organized and ought *
* to have a certificate from the Gen- *
* eral Association. Especially should *
* the classes of boys and girls be or- *
* ganized before the season for out- *
* door athletics. Write for particu- *
* lars. *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

A GREAT NEWSPAPER ENLISTS

The *Philadelphia North American* has had a vision. And straightway it has proceeded to do something about it. This great, progressive journal has become convinced that in the children of the nation lies the hope of America and that the supreme responsibility of the citizens of to-day is in preparing a better world for the boys and girls and better boys and girls for the world. It asks "Is democracy to live or die?" and "Is Christian civilization to endure or is it to perish?" and in the modern Sunday school it finds hope for a happy answer to both questions.

The *North American* is running a series of articles unprecedented in the journalism of the country, taking up in its most prominent front-page position the history, possibilities and needs of the Sunday school. For over six weeks these articles, tersely and powerfully written, have come daily to the people of Philadelphia and vicinity, with the result that there is a great public awakening on the subject of religious education and a universal demand that the child shall be given his proper place in the ministries of the Church. The leaders of all denominations endorse the movement and participate in its work.

Particularly interesting to Universalist people is the fact that the *North American* has chosen as its chief writer and promoter in this matter Mr. Robert D. Towne, for many years prominent in our churches and Sunday schools. Mr. Towne is a graduate of Canton Theological School and held several important pastorates in our denomination, but decided that in journalism he could find a wider field. He was at one time editor of *Judge* and *Leslie's Weekly* and has built up a number of successful newspapers of his own, always standing for pure politics and good citizenship. He has been superintendent of a number of our Sunday schools, including that at Newark, N. J. At present he is teacher of a large class of men at the Church of the Mediator in Philadelphia.

The *North American* has had a reprint made of the first four articles written by Mr. Towne and has sent out, in response to requests, no less than two million, five hundred thousand copies. Through the courtesy of the publishers, the General Sunday School Association will supply a copy to each minister and Sunday school superintendent in our Church, and will be able to send one to any other person making application.

We shall give further reports of this very important enterprise.

* *

A UNITARIAN SUGGESTION

Sometimes we get something besides heresy from our Unitarian brethren. The Court Hill Church, of Worcester, advertises for the names of any children living at such a distance that they can not attend Sunday school, promising that the Laymen' League will see that such scholars are brought and returned in automobiles.

* *

UNIVERSALIST CATECHISMS WANTED

The General Sunday School Association is hoping to publish a doctrinal catechism in simple and modern phraseology suitable for use with young people. To that end it is desirable to compare all previous publications. Ministers who have published something of this nature for their own use are asked to send a copy to the

General Sunday School Association,
359 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Among Our Churches

Church News and Interests

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

April 1-30. W. N. M. A. Membership "April Shower."

April 2-3. New England Y. P. C. U. Get-Together, Lawrence, Mass.

April 9-10. Illinois Y. P. C. U. Rally, St. Paul's Church, Chicago.

May 10, 11, 12. Board of Trustees of General Convention meet in New York.

May 11. Connecticut State Convention, Bridgeport.

May 18-19. Massachusetts State Convention, Melrose.

June 20-23. Ohio State Convention, Kent.

July 13-19. National Y. P. C. U. Convention, Chicago.

July 22-31. Chattanooga Institute.

July 31-August 21. Ferry Beach Institute.

Oct. 19-23. General Convention, Detroit.

Conventions and other organizations desiring to be listed in this Calendar should send dates of special events to Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 359 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* BUFFALO N Y *
* DR HAROLD MARSHALL *
* UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING *
* HOUSE 359 BOYLSTON ST BOS- *
* TON MASS *
* AT THE TIME OF THE *
* BALTIMORE CONVENTION *
* GRACE CHURCH BUFFALO HAD *
* ONE HUNDRED FORTY FIVE *
* ACTIVE RESIDENT MEM- *
* BERS IT NOW HAS TWO HUN- *
* DRED AND SEVEN FORTY ONE *
* OF WHOM JOINED THIS WEEK *
* DURING MR SAYLES PASTOR- *
* ATE OF THIRTEEN MONTHS *
* FIFTY SEVEN HAVE BEEN *
* ADDED TO THE CHURCH *
* SAYLES OF BUFFALO *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1921

Before reported	377
Chapman, Ala.	1
Brewton, Ala.	1
McGowin's Ferry, Ala.,	4
New Haven, Conn.	23
Augusta, Maine	50
Pittsfield, Maine	15
Portland, Me., Congress Square	35
Melrose, Mass.	11
North Attleboro, Mass.	26
Salem, Mass.	35
Franklin, Mass.	10
Lynn, Mass.	26
Wakefield, Mass.	8
Taunton, Mass.	12
Everett, Mass.	31
Lawrence, Mass.	53
Arlington, Mass.	23
Medford, Mass.,	6
Lowell, Mass., Grace	18
Methuen, Mass.	4
Framingham, Mass.	4
Cambridge, Mass., First	33
Cambridge, Mass., Porter Square	36
Worcester, Mass., All Souls'	40
Milford, Mass	20
Jamaica Plain, Mass.	6
Roxbury, Mass.	5
North Adams, Mass.	10
Brookline, Mass.	4
Abington, Mass.,	3
Winchester, N. H.	4
Brooklyn, N. Y., All Souls	37
Buffalo, N. Y., Grace	41
Watertown, N. Y	21
Providence, R. I., Mediator	4
Providence, R. I., First	9
Woonsocket, R. I.	24
Total	1070

CHRISTENINGS

Before reported, 50. New Haven, Conn. 1; Brewton, Ala., 1. Total, 52.

PERSONAL

Mrs. Caroline Clark Barney of Lynn has several articles in recent magazines. In the February number of the *Pilgrim Elementary Teacher* is an article on "Children's Parties." In the April and May numbers of the same magazine, articles on "Poetry that reveals the interests of children." In the May number of the *Church School* is an article on "Parent-Teacher Associations in Churches" and a poem, "My Mother Was So Quick." She has also another article on "Parent-Teacher Associations in Churches" in the *Sunday School Journal.*

Georgia

Smith Memorial.—Rev. J. M. Rasnake has recently been called to this pastorate, and filled his first appointment on the second Sunday in February. The laymen had charge of the service in the forenoon. Although this church has been organized only a few years, it is one of the most promising parishes in the state.

Mulberry.—This church is the oldest and one of the strongest in the state. It was the home church of Robert White, the first president of the Georgia Convention.

Canon.—Mr. Whitney filled his first appointment at this church the second Sunday in February. He comes to us from the Methodist ministry highly recommended. In addition to Canon, he will probably have charge of Bowers Chapel.

Indiana

Indianapolis.—Rev. Edwin Cunningham, pastor. Through the efforts of the pastor, a nursery has been started, where the members of the church who have little children may leave them in safe care, while they attend the service. A number of volunteers take turns in caring for the children.

Maine

Livermore Falls.—Rev. A. A. Blair, pastor. Under the leadership of Mrs. Blair, the Knights of King Arthur Class is a great success. This class was well represented at the Boys' State Conference at Portland. The Sunday night after the delegates returned, they gave an interesting account of the meetings. The Men's Forum holds a banquet once a month, followed by a public meeting addressed by some good speaker. At their Sunday meetings, they are studying the history of the Israelites. Quite a large number of members have been received into the church within the year, and more are joining this Easter.

Pittsfield,—Rev. Sidney J. Willis, pastor. We had a most wonderful Easter, church thronged with people. Fifteen were received into membership, seven men and eight women.

Massachusetts

Worcester, First.—Rev. V. E. Tomlinson, D. D., pastor. The winter has given us fine congregations, the best, we think, of the present pastorate. The Sunday school, too, has shown many signs of life. the young men's class being an especially gratifying feature. A special committee has been appointed to visit other Sunday schools in the city to see if any of their methods could be successfully employed by our school.

Milford.—Rev. Harry F. Fister, pastor. The Mission Circle has more than doubled its membership so far this year; the Sunday school has increased about one-fourth, and every organization has shown some increase. On Good Friday the largest number was received into the church in any year for thirty-two years.

North Attleboro.—A large congregation attended the Holy Thursday service at the Universalist church. Communion was served and a class of twenty-six united with the church at the service. This was one of the largest classes that has united with the church in years. A feature of the service was the singing by the church chorus choir.

Melrose.—Rev. L. L. Lewis, minister. A largely-attended service was held on Holy Thursday evening, when eleven members were received. Mr. Lewis spoke from the text "This do in remembrance of me." The sermon was followed by a very impressive communion service. The organist and quartet rendered fine music. A Good Friday service was held also. On Easter Sunday a large congregation attended. The music was furnished by the choir, augmented by a violin and cello.

Michigan

Detroit.—Rev. C. F. Patterson, pastor. The recent action of the Detroit Pastors' Union in voting to exclude the Universalist and Unitarian ministers is evidence that in this city at least there is need of our gospel. Mr. Patterson replied to this vote by a series of sermons on the principles of Universalism which resulted in increasing the congregation and brought new families to us each Sunday. Under the stimulating leadership of the superintendent, Mr. Jason Moore, each Sunday new pupils are enrolled in the Sunday school. A contest has brought the average attendance to a high point and increased the offering three hundred per cent. The school tripled its Near East Relief contribution and is supporting two scholarships in the Southern Industrial Institute. The Y. P. C. U. is planning to send a large delegation to the Chicago Convention in July and has organized a Junior Union which meets during the hour of our morning service. The Young People's Democracy Class has provided a program of discussions on current religious and social problems. Two basement rooms have been recently decorated and equipped for the use of the men. The formal opening was signalized by the organization of a local chapter of Universalist Comrades. The Ladies' Union and Mission Circle under the capable leadership of Mrs. J. H. Strang and Mrs. L. K. Seagrave respectively have had a successful year. Committees are busy with preparations for the coming of the General Convention in October and we are looking forward to entertaining a host of Universalists from all parts of the country.

New Hampshire

Winchester.—On Palm Sunday, Rev. J. Frank Thompson occupied the pulpit of the Memorial Church for the last time. At the morning service four young people were received into membership. At the evening union service the church was crowded. The Masons of whose lodge Mr. Thompson is chaplain attended in a body. The Memorial Church needs a pastor and will endeavor to secure one as soon as possible. A farewell reception was given Rev. J. Frank Thompson and his sister, Mrs. Mary F. Wickham, in the Memorial Church vestry, Friday evening, March 18. The room was beautifully decorated and the large assembly represented not merely the membership of the parish, but the entire community. Words of kind appreciation were spoken by the pastors of the Congregational and Methodist churches, and others. In behalf of the society, Mr. G. C. Hawkins presented Mr. Thompson with a handsome Bible, and a substantial sum of money. The members of the Ladies' Society presented Mrs. Wickham with a beautiful cameo pin in token of their appreciation of her faithful and efficient work during the past ten years. Resolutions were read expressing regret at Mr. Thompson's departure.

Ohio

Mt. Gilead.—Rev. Sara A. Stoner, pastor. Mrs. Stoner suffered a nervous breakdown several months ago, and was granted an indefinite vacation for rest and recuperation. The Sunday school has met regularly throughout the winter, in stormy weather meeting at the home of the superintendent, Will F. Wieland. The school has adopted an Armenian orphan. Regular services were resumed Easter Sunday in charge of the pastor, who returns to her work with renewed strength. The members of the church are few in numbers, but loyal.

Blanchester.—The work for the Murray Crusade for larger membership and new subscriptions to the *Leader* is in full swing. The Sunday school is working too. In April the young people plan to give a play. The Y. P. C. U. are getting ready for the conventions.

Cuba.—The large Armenian offering of $300 is nearly paid. The new electric lights are in use, and there are to be more extensive improvements on the church building soon.

Rhode Island

Providence, First.—Rev. R. R. Hadley, pastor. Providence Universalists will hold a union centennial celebration in the First Church Sunday morning, April 10. The members of the East Providence church and the Church of the Mediator will attend in a body, and their pastors will assist in the services. Mr. Hadley will give the historical sermon. All Rhode Island Universalists are invited to the evening service, when Dr. Joseph Fort Newton will preach. Greetings from the denomination will be brought by the Hon. Walter Presbrey. At the banquet the following evening, Prof. Chas. E. Fay, Dr. Harold Marshall, Dr. V. A. Tomlinson, Dr. F. O. Hall, and the pastor will speak.

* *

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT'S ENGAGEMENTS

April 1. Detroit, Michigan.
April 2, 3 and 4. Chicago, Illinois.
April 6. Minneapolis, Minnesota.
April 8. Columbus, Ohio.
April 10. Lockport, New York.
April 14. New York City.

* *

THE CALL OF THE HOME DEPARTMENT

The Home Department of the General Sunday School Association has well proved its value and usefulness to the church in bringing the home in closer touch with its work and activities. "Watch us Grow" is the slogan of the department, and in the past five years members have been reported from eighteen states, the District of Columbia and Canada. A Junior-at-Large Department has been organized, and already a large number of boys and girls have been enrolled as members.

The National Superintendent, together with the several state and local superintendents, faces the task of carrying on the work of the Home Department among the people who are shut off from access to any local church. Through this work, we can reach the lives of the aged, the sick, the discouraged, and the many "who must serve the others" on the Sabbath Day, as well as those who are almost forgotten as they spend lonely days and nights in our so-called "humane institutions."

We ask the co-operation of our ministers, our Sunday school workers, and laymen during the membership drive, that we may reach our quota in the Murray Crusade. That we may know that you are responding to our call, please write and tell us about your new Home Department. Possibly we can assist you in some way. We have a supply of leaflets for free distribution, with which our enthusiastic leader, Dr. Huntley, keeps us stocked.

Sara L. Stoner, Superintendent.

* *

REV. NATHAN S. HILL

A faithful minister of the Universalist Church and the Church Universal has gone to his well earned reward. For more than forty years Nathan Hill gave his best to life and life gave back to him the respect and love of all who knew him. He died in Concord, Vt., where he was serving as pastor of the local church.

Funeral services were held at his birthplace, Woonsocket, R. I., on Friday, March eleventh.

* *

ALABAMA NEWS

March 15 there was held at Southern Universalist headquarters in Montgomery, Ala., the regular quarterly meeting of the Board of Governors of the State Convention. This body of men is virtually an Executive Committee with plenary power to act for the Convention between sessions.

Dr. Lowe was with us, to our delight. He and we are greatly encouraged over the bright prospects.

Our meeting place is 1118 S. Court St., Montgomery, where Superintendent F. B. Bishop resides. Our capital city has a place for the church of the larger faith and very warmly is Mr. Bishop received. The city daily papers are giving us and our church becoming and fraternal consideration.

One hundred thousand dollars as a permanent fund is the objective before us. Already we have paid in three thousand.

The Convention at its last meeting accepted $200 as its part for the Japan Mission.

This year my three churches are doing finely. New members received—at Chapman, one; Brewton, one; at McGowin's Ferry, four. Christenings, one at Brewton. The Sunday schools are growing in numbers and interest. At this writing a series of meetings is in progress in Brewton church. Mr. Bishop is doing the preaching. Large congregations hear him gladly.

Beginning May 1 and on through the

15th I shall be with Rev. Geo. Gay in revival work at Shinn Memorial, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Mrs. Bishop came down to Chapman recently and organized a Mission Circle with sixteen members. Not all of these are Universalists, but their efforts are contributory to work fostered by our General Convention.

H. T. Crumpton.

* *

CORRECTION

Mrs. Annie E. Slocum of New Bedford, Mass., is not General Chairman of the Ferry Beach Fair as advertised in the *Leader* and in the Ferry Beach folder. The chairman for the 1921 season is Mrs. Arthur Soule, Kingfield, Maine, to whom articles for the fair should be sent.

Clinton Scott, Secretary.

* *

Some Worth-while Books

The Peace Negotiations. By Robert Lansing. Illustrated. $3.00.

The Secretary of State, supposedly the President's chief adviser, who is also a member of the Peace Commission, knowing less of the progress of negotiations than the staff in Colonel House's office, where the representatives of the press went for news—"here's a state of things," indeed!

This book, eagerly awaited, is the first authoritative story from one of the actual Commissioners, and his statement of the part played by America in the Peace Negotiations will of course be an important document in the diplomatic history of the Great War. The chapter headings are as follows: Reasons for Writing a Personal Narrative; Mr. Wilson's Presence at the Peace Conference; General Plan for a League of Nations; Substitute Articles Proposed; The Positive Guaranty and Balance of Power; The President's Plan and the Cecil Plan; Self-Determination; A Resolution instead of the Covenant; The Guaranty in the Revised Covenant; International Arbitration; Report of Commission on the League of Nations; The System of Mandates; Differences as to the League Recapitulated; The Proposed Treaty with France; Lack of an American Program; Secret Diplomacy; The Shantung Settlement; The Bullitt Affair.

Interwoven with this and of deep interest to Americans is the personal situation. Mr. Lansing gives frankly and clearly the story of his personal relations with President Wilson and the growing divergence of view which led up to the President's request for his resignation in favor of "a mind that will more willingly go along with mine"—meaning Emerson's hated "mush of concession." The plain unvarnished truth is that

If he can not have his way,
Woodrow Wilson will not play,

—a trait which should have been eliminated at the "gang age," but has survived and been raised to the nth power, with disastrous results.

As Mr. Lansing graphically puts it, "The whole world wants peace. The President wants his League. I think the world will have to wait." The world waited!

But autocracy has given place to "government of the people, by the people, for the people," and the nation has indeed "a new birth of freedom."

The Mountebank. By William J. Locke. $2.00.

Vagabond heroes are beloved by Mr. Locke, who with a slender plot and a few "also rans" can construct a story that keeps us guessing and unable to lay it down. The Mountebank was born and bred in a circus, and through his youth and early manhood was a performer in the variety theaters of France and outdoor summer resorts of England. Then came the war, in which he enlisted as a private of the Grenadier Guards and from which he emerged as Brigadier General Andrew Lackaday, C. B., only to find his occupation gone and his only way of making a living to reassume the green skin tights of Petit Patou. The plunge having been taken, Fortune, a lady of many caprices, knocks at his door in the form of an offer to associate himself with Colonel Arbuthnot, a man of proved worth, in an enterprise suited to his rank; but with real heroism he puts aside fame and love and remains true to the woman who is "bound to him by a hundred ties." Later, however, he is suddenly freed from both professional and personal obligations, and, still under forty, sets sail for the Solomon Islands to begin a new and happy life.

Shadow Verses. By Gamaliel Bradford.

In what a shadow or deep pit of darkness,
Doth womanish and fearful mankind live.

This couplet, which gave the name to these unique poems, expresses what we so often feel—and when has the world seemed such a pit of darkness as in the black and bitter war-years through which we have just struggled?

Even as the poet says, "myself and others" are "thinking of God"—

I think about God,
Yet I talk of small matters,
Now isn't it odd
How my idle tongue chatters!

Of quarrelsome neighbors,
Fine weather and rain,
Indifferent labors,
Indifferent pain,

Some trivial style
Fashion shifts with a nod.
And yet all the while
I am thinking of God.

—and always puzzling as to the idea of the Supreme Being, despite all our faith; so this reverent confession of yearning might have been written by "others" as well as "myself"—

Day and night I wander widely through
the wilderness of thought,
Catching dainty things of fancy most
reluctant to be caught.
Shining tangles leading nowhere I persistently unravel
Tread strange paths of meditation very
intricate to travel.

Gleaming bits of quaint desire taught my
steps beyond the decent.
I confound old solid glory with publicity
too recent.
But my one unchanged obsession, wheresoe'er my feet have trod,
Is a keen, enormous, haunting, never-sated thirst for God.

* *

Notices

CONNECTICUT STATE CONVENTION

The eighty-ninth annual session of the Connecticut Universalist Convention will be held in Bridgeport on Wednesday and Thursday, May 11 and 12, 1921. A large attendance of delegates and friends of the faith is greatly to be desired. Isolated Universalists in the state are cordially invited to attend.

Theodore A. Fischer, Secretary.

* *

CONNECTICUT Y. P. C. U. CONVENTION

Official Call

The thirty-second annual Convention of the Connecticut Y. P. C. U. will be held in Norwich, Conn., April 9 and 10, for the receiving of reports, the election of officers and the transaction of all business which may legally come before said meeting.

Anna L. Kranebell, Secretary.

* *

NOTICE

Will those who receive Cradle Roll at Large leaflets please distribute them where there will be new names for our roll as result?

Mary L. Hadley, Superintendent.

* *

BOARD OF TRUSTEES MEETING

The regular May meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Universalist General Convention will be held at the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York City, on May 10 at 9.30 a. m., to receive reports and transact such business as may legally come before said meeting. All matters to be presented to the Board must be in the hands of the Secretary not later than May 2.

Roger F. Etz, Secretary,
359 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

* *

THE COMMISSION ON THE MINISTRY

The Commission on the Ministry will meet at the Parish House of the Universalist Church in Utica, N. Y., on Tuesday, April 5, at 9 a. m.

All members of the Commission are urged to be present. Any communications, in writing or by personal presence of person interested, that bears upon our work, will be gladly received.

Lewis B. Fisher, Chairman.

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Do the Teachings of Jesus Fit Our Times?

America's Foremost Thinkers Will Discuss This Theme in THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY

THE YEAR 1921 is to be The Christian Century's greatest year. More than two score of the nation's foremost religious and ethical thinkers will conduct a thorough-going and unhampered discussion of the place Jesus Christ holds in the life of our times. Here is an example:

THE MIND OF JESUS AND THE COMPETITIVE SYSTEM

will be discussed by

Robert Hunter, Spokesman for submerged humanity, author of "Poverty," "Why We Fail as Christians."

Harry F. Ward, Constructive radical, professor of Christian Ethics, author of "A Better Industrial Order."

Roger Babson, America's influential adviser of business men, author of "Religion and Business."

Scott Nearing, Socialist authority, a fearless agitator who believes in religion and the ethics of Jesus.

This single group alone makes *The Christian Century* indispensable to any man or woman who feels how urgent and how basic the industrial question is in religious and social progress. But these writers will represent only one of the many aspects of the great theme. The list of participants is a growing one. Each week adds a new stellar name to the brilliant galaxy. At this moment the writers and their themes are:

William Adams Brown
Theologian and Missionary Statesman.
"Can Society Be Made Christian?"

Peter Ainslie
Church Statesman and Mystic.
"Would Christ Approve the War?"

Jane Addams
America's Foremost Woman.
"Christ and War."

Joseph Ernest McAfee
Prophet of Religious Democracy.
"Are Christian Missions Christian?"

Martha Foote Crow
Interpreter of Religion and Literature.
"Christ in Present Day Poetry."

Charles E. Jefferson
Preacher and Author.
"Are the Churches Christian?"

Herbert Croly
Editor The New Republic.
"The Problem of Religious Education."

H. D. C. Maclachlan
Scholar and Pastor.
Subject Not Yet Announced.

John Kelman
Scotch Preacher Adopted by America.
Subject Not Yet Announced.

Edward Scribner Ames
Preacher and Philosopher.
"Affinities Between Modern Philosophy and Jesus' Mind."

Finis S. Idleman
Preacher of Grace and Power.
Subject to be Announced.

Vida D. Scudder
Churchwoman and Socialist Leader.
"Can Public Opinion Be Christianized?"

John Spargo
Socialist-Philosopher and Publicist.
"Religion and Social Progress."

Robert E. Park
Professor of Sociology.
"The Black Man, the White Man and Christ."

William E. Barton
A Counsellor of Souls.
"Would Christ Find Affinity with Modern Spiritualism?"

Walter Williams
President Press Congress of the World.
"Christ and Modern Journalism."

Albert Parker Fitch
A Vital Theologian.
"Do the Churches Really Believe in Jesus?"

Joseph Fort Newton
Preacher of International Sympathies.
"Is Our Literature Christless?"

Edgar DeWitt Jones
Preacher and Shepherd of Men.
"Dare We Be Christians?"

Robert E. Speer
Most Potent Spiritual Influence in the American Church.
"Christ and Our Social Customs."

Lynn Harold Hough
Brilliant Preacher and Teacher.
"Is Science Foe or Friend of Christ?"

Richard L. Swain
A Writer Who Thinks of God in Terms of Life.
"Can Christ Rule Modern Business?"

Charles Henry Dickinson
Authority on Religious Education.
"Do We Really Know What Were the Ideals of Jesus?"

Peter Clark Macfarlane
Novelist and Short Story Writer.
"Is the Church Christian?"

Lloyd C. Douglas
Equally Brilliant as Preacher and Writer.
"Christ as a Practical Psychologist."

Rufus M. Jones
Modern Exponent of Quaker Ideals.
"War and the Teaching of Jesus."

Francis J. McConnell
A Bishop Who Is Also a Prophet.
"Are Christian Missions Christian?"

Katharine Lee Bates
Poet, Critic, Prophet.
"Christians or Pharisees?"

Burris Jenkins
Preacher and Newspaper Editor.
Subject to be Announced.

Charles A. Ellwood
Sociologist.
"Is Our Civilization Christian?"

Shailer Mathews
Publicist, Teacher, Theologian.
"Is Christian Theology Christian?"

John M. Coulter
World-Famous Botanist.
"Is Evolution Anti-Christian?"

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A Japanese "boy" came to the home of a minister in Los Angeles recently and applied for a position. Now it happened that the household was already well supplied with servants, so the minister's wife said, "I am sorry, but we really haven't enough work to keep another boy busy."

"Madame," said the Oriental politely, "I am sure that you must have. You may not know what a little bit of work it takes to keep me employed."—*Christian Register.*

* *

"Say, buddy, do you remember when we were over there, they used to tell us that when we got back nothing would be too good for us?"

"Sure, what about it?"

"Well, they told the truth."—*American Legion Weekly.*

THE BOOKS BEING TALKED ABOUT

While this selected list of books can not include all the most worthwhile current publications, the converse is true—that all books listed in it are, for one reason or another, significant. Not only private buyers, but neighborhood libraries and reading clubs—which often must buy carefully—will find it of value in making selections for purchase.

FICTION

A Poor Wise Man. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. $2.

The labor problem as a background for a delightful love story.

No Defence. By Gilbert Parker. Illustrated by C. D. Williams. $2.

A romantic tale of an Irish gentleman and his love, staged in Ireland, England, the West Indies, and America in the days of the French Revolution.

The Trumpeter Swan. By Temple Bailey. Illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens. $1.90.

A pleasant romance presenting a bred-in-the-bone Virginian hero and heroine of spirit and charm, the center of a group of attractive Southerners.

Erskine Dale, Pioneer. By John Fox, Jr. Illustrated by F. C. Yohn. $2.

A tale of color, charm and thrill of southern pioneer folk of Revolutionary times.

The Devil's Paw. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Frontispiece by H. Weston Taylor. $1.90.

Another of the author's novels of intrigue, the story of the bold plan of some English Labor Party leaders to throw England into chaos in the third year of the war.

The Top of the World. By Ethel M. Dell. $2.

A story of passionate love and intrigue in a South African setting.

The Valley of Silent Men. By James Oliver Curwood. Illustrated by Dean Cornwell. $2.

A stirring tale of hardihood, daring, and love set in the Canadian Northwest.

Black Bartlemy's Treasure. By Jeffery Farnol. $2.15.

The romantic adventures of treasure seekers on a quest for a hidden fortune.

Main Street. By Sinclair Lewis. $2.

The vividly realistic story of the encounter of an idealistic young college-bred woman with small-townism, set in Minnesota but universally true.

The Age of Innocence. By Edith Wharton. $2.

A brilliant re-creation of the New York of the '70's.

Moon-Calf. By Floyd Dell. $2.25.

A significant first novel of the biographical type portraying the reactions to life in the middle West of a youth of humble origin, a dreamer and idealist.

Potterism. By Rose Macaulay. $2.

A clever and witty English novel, a portrayal of philistinism in modern society, directing its chief attack against the popular newspaper.

Mary Wollaston. By Henry Kitchell Webster. $2.

A tremendously real picture of a fine sensitive type of present-day young woman.

Caliban. By W. L. George. $2.

A condemnation of the blind, mistaken spirit of materialism of the age, conveyed through the story of the rise of a yellow journalist.

Captain Macedoine's Daughter. By William McFee. $1.90.

The story of a girl of questionable antecedents, a compelling book pervaded with the haunting mystery of the sea.

Woman. By Magdeleine Marx. Introduction by Henri Barbusse. $1.90.

A courageous novel presenting a psychological study of womanhood.

The House of Lynch. By Leonard Merrick. Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. $2.50.

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NON-FICTION

The Outline of History. By H. G. Wells. 2 v. $10.50.

A subtly written philosophic discussion and an interpretation of the facts of history from Wells' viewpoint.

The Autobiography of Andrew Carnegie. $5.

Sufficiently frank self revelation to put the reader on intimate terms with the narrator.

Memories of the Empress Eugenie. By Comte Fleury. 2 v. $7.50.

A dignified and restrained biography constituting a history of the Second Empire, as seen from the inside.

Steeplejack. By James Gibbons Huneker. 2 v. $7.50.

An intimate and unconventional autobiography of the critic and author—a personally conducted tour through the literary and artistic "Who's Who" of the past fifty years.

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